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MARCH 10, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 10 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

"A candidate's rhetoric, his positions, his style on the stump —a reporter can get these down in a few days," says Senior Correspondent Laurence Barrett, "but only by tagging along in close quarters for weeks at a time can you capture a full portrait of this fellow who wants to be President." This week's cover story on the Republican race reflects the insights of two reporters who have been coattailing the party's leading contenders for the past nine weeks: Barrett, our man on Ronald Reagan's plane, and Washington Correspondent Douglas Brew, who has followed the fortunes of Reagan's chief rival, George Bush.

"Covering Bush is like covering an athletic event," says Brew, who has matched his fellow jogger almost stride for stride from Iowa to Maine to Puerto Rico. "Despite the routine gladhanding of politics, Bush truly likes people and is getting a kick out of running for President." Bush and his wife Barbara also work hard to ensure that their press escorts enjoy the process as well. Recalls Brew: "When I spent a day at their home in Houston, Barbara offered to do my laundry, while George—no one calls him Mr. Bush—lent me swim trunks and my choice of at least a dozen pairs of running shoes. All this on the day after the Nashua, N.H., debates, when his political fortunes were taking a nosedive."

EVANS—GAMMA/LIAISON

Barrett with Reagan on the campaign plane

Barrett found Reagan a gracious host in his Pacific Palisades, Calif., home, but characteristically controlled: "He says virtually the same thing in private as he does from the podium." Only through extended exposure to the candidate was Barrett able to penetrate the reserve. For example, Reagan talked candidly with Barrett last week about the abrupt firing of Campaign Manager John Sears. "To someone following the Reagan camp so closely, the departure did not come as a complete surprise," said Barrett. "Two weeks earlier you could detect a decided cooling of the Reagan-Sears relationship." Barrett therefore had a head start in investigating the shake-up and even managed to interview William Casey before he was installed as Sears' successor. Barrett also found an opportunity to share some of his insights with a newcomer to the Reagan press corps. Just before the big formal announcement of the staff dismissals, Barrett saw a familiar face in the press room. It was his son Paul, covering the candidate for the *Harvard Crimson*. Young Barrett obviously has a nose for news too.

John a. Meyer

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Letters

Abscam Scandal

To the Editors:

What concerns me most about the Abscam revelations [Feb. 18] is not so much that some of our elected representatives were caught scrambling to get their hands into the cookie jar. It is far more disturbing that I no longer feel a sense of shock at their clownish, unethical antics.

Helen M. Emery
Granby, Mass.

What gives the FBI the right to bribe Congressmen with the taxpayers' money?

Martin J. Rimm
Longport, N.J.

Your excellent story states: "The judge was tipped by the FBI before he was approached by the plotters" (with an offer of a $250,000 bribe). Should not the FBI have given the same notice to legislators?

John Costello
Red Bluff, Calif.

They actually flushed out a politician who refused a bribe. He deserves sanctuary on the endangered-species list.

Sterling Thomas
St. Louis

Solzhenitsyn's Warning

Alexander Solzhenitsyn was chillingly correct in his warning to the West of the Soviet threat [Feb. 18]. It can happen here. Meanwhile, Vietnamese are drowning trying to escape in boats, Cambodians are starving at the hands of the government, Afghans are being subjugated, and the Soviets are taking over African nations. All this is being carried out in the name of antiprofit and freedom from the "oppressive" bourgeoisie.

Norma Powell
Hyattsville, Md.

So, Mr. Solzhenitsyn, crying eloquent crocodile tears over Afghanistan and Eastern Europe, would attribute it all to 63 years of evil Communism rather than old Russian imperialism. The fact is that for some 800 years the Russian state and its people—in search of ports, good lands, natural resources and "defensible borders"—have been "liberating" others at every possible opportunity. Communism has merely provided the Soviets with a new banner under which to march.

Igor Bobrowsky
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Instead of dismissing Solzhenitsyn again as a paranoid alarmist, we Americans must open our eyes, harden our bodies and brace ourselves for confrontation.

Bill de Gutierrez-Mahoney
Hanover, N.H.

What can the West do? How can we prove we are strong short of starting a third world war? I agree that Communist aggression must be stopped, but where do we draw the line?

Bob Bridgeman
Camden, N.J.

The Great Non-Debate

You refer to Senator Edward Kennedy's frustration in attempting to engage President Jimmy Carter in a face-to-face debate [Feb. 18]. Could it be that he fears an open discussion will verify his abysmal failures with inflation, rising unemployment, excessive interest rates and foreign policies? He may be enjoying the haven of the Rose Garden, but can he survive the thorns?

Daniel M. Zamorski
Colts Neck, N.J.

During times of crisis, the captain belongs on the bridge and should not be running around the ship debating with a braying jackass.

George B. Elliott
North Reading, Mass.

There is absolutely no doubt that if President Carter were going around the country politicking and debating, Senator Kennedy would be leading the pack in attacking him for not remaining at the White House to take care of the crises and the nation's business.

Geraldine Gibbs
Toledo

A Vatican City of Sport?

TIME's suggestion that the Olympics be held permanently in Greece, Sweden or Switzerland [Feb. 11] is an inspired idea. It is worth adding the very significant offer by Greece to create a neutral Olympic territory—a kind of Vatican City of pure sport—administered by the I.O.C. or United Nations. This would seem to go a long way toward answering the objections regarding Greece's membership in NATO or possible political instability. And why not a perma-

Letters

nent home for the Winter Olympics in Switzerland, the nation of all nations in the world with truly neutral international politics?

Paul M. Muller
Newcastle upon Tyne, England

Weakness in Unity?

As a divinity student, I am dismayed by the continuing efforts of U.S. Protestants to create one united church [Feb. 11]. It is one thing to agree that the church is the body of Christ. It is quite another to impoverish that body by stressing uniformity and compromise. In *I Corinthians*, St. Paul writes: "The body does not consist of one member, but of many." One united church would be weaker than a group of churches expressing the Christian faith in its authentic diversity.

Zalmon Sherwood
Geneva, Ohio

Incident in Guatemala

Your coverage of the recent tragic incident at the Spanish embassy in Guatemala City, titled "Outright Murder" [Feb. 11], leaves much to be desired.

Just how an embassy can be "peacefully occupied" by persons bearing "machetes ... pistols and Molotov cocktails" may elude some of your readers. Also, some of the 34 "Indian peasants" to whom you refer, including the occupiers' leadership, were in fact students from our national university (Universidad de San Carlos) who, on this and other occasions, have sought to further their own political objectives by cynically exploiting *campesino* grievances. In panic or by design, one of the occupiers threw an incendiary device that ricocheted off a metal window grille, thereby engulfing the room in flames. The ensuing deaths were caused by burning or suffocation, not by police bullets. Who murdered whom?

In retrospect, the use of force was admittedly premature, and is being thoroughly investigated by my government. On the other hand, as events in Iran have demonstrated, failure to act can also carry a horrible price tag.

Doroteo Monterroso
Ambassador of Guatemala
Washington, D.C.

Animal Rights

I beg to differ with your headline "In Manhattan: Mink Is No Four-Letter Word" [Feb. 18]. It *is* a four-letter word to humane-society workers and to the tens of millions of animals that are cruelly trapped or "ranched" each year in the name of fashion and vanity. Those in the humane movement are more than "passers-by [who] mutter about cruelty to animals." We speak loud and clear: Animals have rights too!

Cynthia A. Branigan
New York City

Whose Ancestor?

Your Science subheading, "Still, the monkey-like creature was our ancestor" [Feb. 18], implies fact. The theory of evolution is just a theory. If you want to claim this beast as your ancestor, be my guest. My relatives were much better looking.

Thomas G. Colling
Liverpool, N.Y.

No Choice, No Freedom

All right, America fought for France's freedom, as Reader Wagner said in her letter [Feb. 18], and Frenchmen are not likely to forget it. But does this mean France is no longer allowed to hold an opinion of its own? Surely if there is no choice there is no freedom, and it was not to dictate to France's mind that the U.S. freed our society, was it?

Michel Taille
Avrille, France

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Overhead sprinkler systems are then turned on. Newly forming shoots which will eventually become grapes and leaves are showered with a fine mist that continually forms ice around the tender shoots as the temperature drops below 32°F. Water gives off heat when it freezes and the temperature of the shoots remains at 32°F as long as the misting continues. This protects the shoots from frost damage which would occur at 28°F and below.

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HB

On Cape Cod: Hitting the Beach

Amphibious vehicles surge out of the cold surf like lumbering hippos. Dripping rivers of sea water, they disgorge squads of charging Marines with machine guns and M-16s at the ready. Behind them waves of assault craft churn toward the shore. Helicopters rattle overhead to drop more men beyond the beachhead.

In the distance, three large, gray assault ships lie at anchor, silently monitoring the action. There is no doubt about it: the Marines have landed. But on Cape Cod? For the people who have turned out in the hundreds this freezing winter morning to watch their own private invasion, the whole thing is better than an orgy of World War II reruns. Braving a whippy breeze that helped send the wind-chill factor down to 0° F, the crowd is busy watching 1,900 men of the 36th Marine Amphibious Unit, assisted by 1,100 sailors of Navy Amphibious Squadron 8, attempt to secure the shuttered beachhouse, abandoned picnic tables and upright barbecue grills of Scusset Beach.

For the Marines it is a cold-weather beach exercise, a dress rehearsal for a large NATO operation in Norway next month, in the planning since last July. But the New England crowd, with the Ayatullah Khomeini and Afghanistan on its mind, adds a new dimension to the martial proceedings. Says Al Harrington, a policeman from nearby Bourne: "You like to see a little muscle when you feel threatened."

For more than two hours, heavily bundled in parkas and blankets, clutching cameras and dog leashes, children and binoculars, spectators have been taking up places along a roped-off stretch of frozen beach. "We've all been looking forward to it," chirps Dorothy Munday, a retiree who lives in Sandwich. "My daughter-in-law has the baby here, and she's only six months old!"

Marine recruiters have brought a clutch of potential trainees, just out of high school, down from Boston to watch. Before the assault, Chief Warrant Officer Russ Therman explains to a knot of bleary-eyed, chilled reporters: "Even though you won't be able to see the enemy, we will be fighting tanks, clearing minefields, the kind of stuff that can bog a unit down." The only obstacles in sight are some old Christmas trees dumped at the rear of the beach as a windbreak to protect the dunes. Thinking of the Persian Gulf and other faraway places, a reporter gets in a last question. What piece of turf is this sandy beach supposed to represent? "That's a good question," Therman says, grinning. "One I probably won't answer." A pause. "It looks like North Carolina to me."

But as the attack continues, even the most skeptical observer is drawn into the action. Reporters hunch forward to get a better look at the Marines plunging toward the dune grass. The drama is only slightly dampened by the seriocomic presence of state park officials trying to keep galloping children and squads of news photographers off the dunes and away from the troops. A slight woman from the park service plaintively bleats, "Please get back behind the ropes," as she picks her way around the prone forms of advancing Marines, trying to shoo off the photographers whose telephoto lenses are virtually propped on the noses of the assault force. A teenager yells at the Marines, "Take out a few photographers!"

At the shoreline, however, the park service has won a major battle. Once

Backed by Navy transport, Marines and amphibious assault craft hit Scusset Beach

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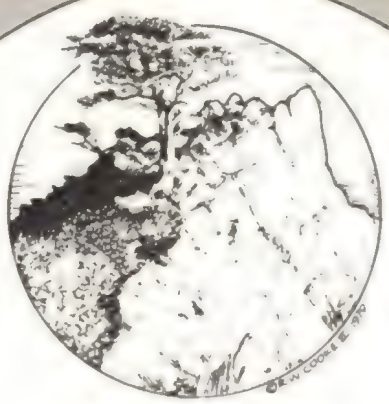

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American Scene

ashore, assault craft and other heavy vehicles are avoiding the dunes, heading down an access road, a course earlier agreed upon by the Marines in order to protect the beach. Several Jeeps are stuck in tank tread tracks left in the wet sand. An assault-craft crew attaches a tow rope to a Jeep, but the rope breaks. They try a chain next, and that works. The crowd cheers. "This is a good exercise for these guys," says Ruth McGillicutty from North Sagamore. "I had a brother at Iwo Jima. As much as we've improved scientifically since then, still man has to come in here and take over."

By 11 a.m., a swiftly assembled pontoon causeway juts into the surf and orange-suited beachmasters are directing the flow of Navy Seabee equipment onto the shore. The Marines have secured their immediate objective, the asphalt parking lot behind the beachhouse, and now practice a classic military maneuver: waiting. Columns of amphibious tanks, assault craft and Jeeps, some with antenna pennants reading IRAN OR BUST, stand idly beside wire trash baskets and large park department signs that read NO VEHICLES PERMITTED ON BEACH. A civilian is asked to move his parked pickup so that a tank can get by.

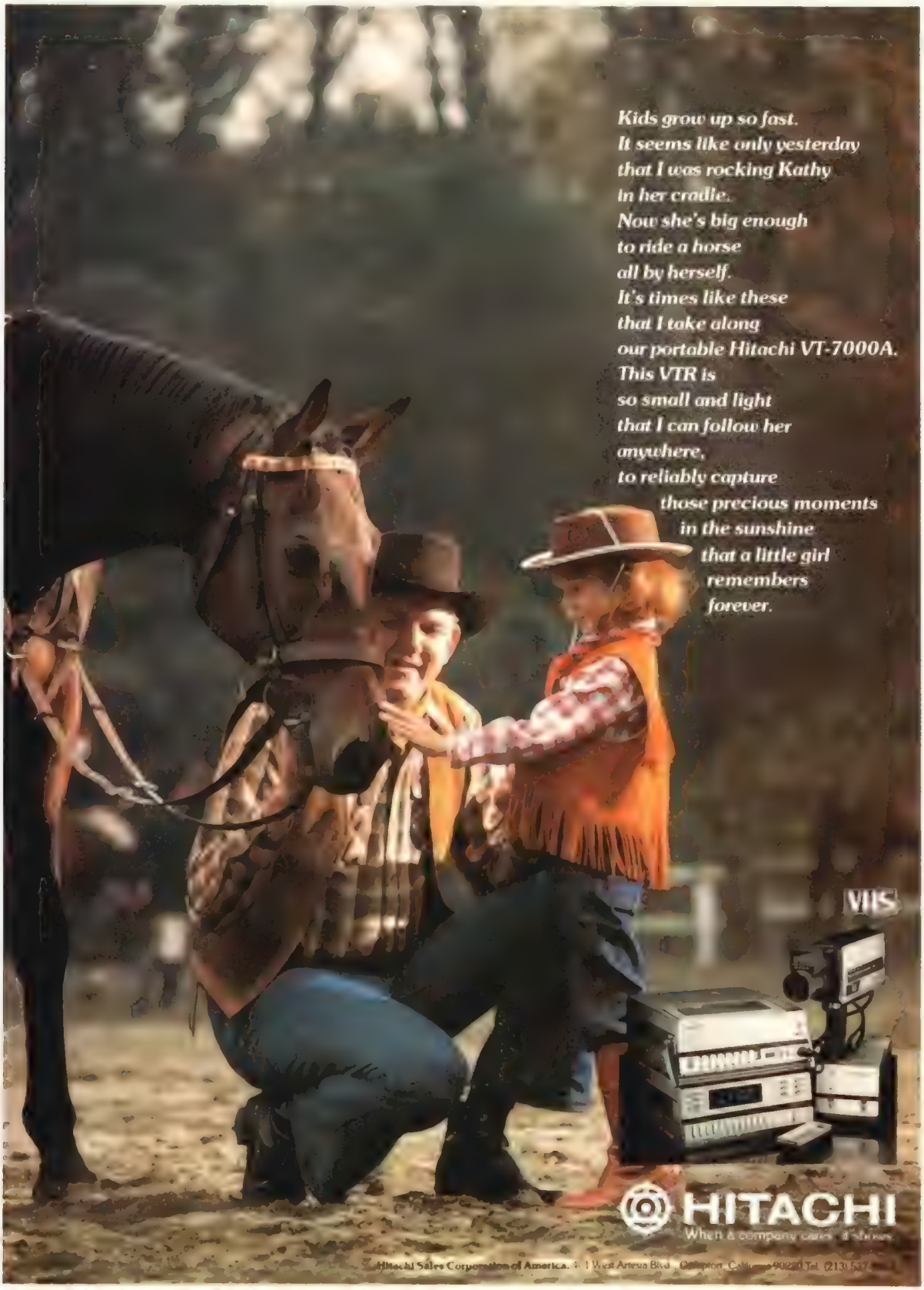
Near by, two Marine mechanics are sprawled beneath an ailing tank that swallowed too much sea water when landing. Only their feet are visible while they carry on a muttered conversation. The few discernible English words to filter out of their oil-stained dungeon are unprintable.

More spectators continue to arrive at Scusset Beach. The parking lot is a confusion of military vehicles, station wagons, and deafening helicopters constantly setting down and taking off. Policeman Al Harrington, who commanded a tank as a young Marine corporal on Okinawa, leaves the beach at last with his heavily bundled son Frankie, 3, riding on his shoulders. "There's nothing like watching the pros, if you want to know the truth," he says with gusto. "Sometimes I wish I was back in."

The Marines clearly can sense that they have won more than a state beach this morning. There has been no jeering or protest signs. With a little change in the hardware and clothing, the beachhead scene, crammed with gawking boys, blushing girls and admiring parents, could almost be lifted from a World War II newsreel. A little brown-eyed girl is lifted into a Jeep, where she smiles shyly at her "captors." Her parents stand at a distance, arms folded, nodding approvingly.

Tonight, while almost 2,000 tired Leathernecks sleep shivering beneath the Scotch pines south of Bourne, dinner table talk up and down the Cape will be filled with names like Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Inchon. And the memory of a newer name, Viet Nam, will sting a little less.

— *Jeff Melvoin*



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Anticipating victory: Ronald Reagan flashing wide grin during TV debate with George Bush just before the New Hampshire primary

TIME / MARCH 10, 1980

COVER STORIES

Reagan's Rousing Return

Reborn in New Hampshire, he looks to more gains in the South

He is that crinkly and blandly familiar face from scores of old movies on afternoon TV, that two-time loser for the Republican presidential nomination who has not been elected to any public office for a decade. Ronald Reagan, 69, seemed so complacent and venerable a Republican front runner that he hardly campaigned at all in Iowa, and his jarring defeat there at the hands of peppy, preppy George Bush, 55, prompted many of his followers to wonder whether he could ever make a comeback. The most reliable public polls on the eve of the New Hampshire primary rated him no more than neck and neck with the onrushing Bush. Even veteran Republican politicians shrugged off any prospect of a major Reagan victory. "If that happens," said Gordon Nelson, G.O.P. chairman in neighboring Massachusetts, "I'm the Easter bunny."

Last week it was Easter in February, and Nelson may have felt long, floppy ears growing out of his head. For when the votes were counted in New Hampshire Tuesday night, Reagan had turned the Republican race upside down—again. He did not just win in what had been billed as a neck-and-neck contest; he swamped Bush by more than 2 to 1, and with 50% of the ballots, collected as many votes as his six G.O.P. rivals combined.* By so doing, Reagan clearly re-established himself as the Republican front runner, the big man to beat from now to the Detroit nominating convention in July.

Being in front is a happy but hazardous position in what is shaping up as the most volatile G.O.P. primary campaign since the Goldwater-Rockefeller-Scranton battles of 1964. The race, as well as the frame of mind of the voting public, is not only volatile but deceptive. "In primaries you never know what the voters mean," said raspy-voiced, chain-smoking Gerald Carmen, Reagan's shrewd coordinator in New Hampshire. "Are they just looking, just talking, just thinking?" Reagan himself had a euphoric answer. "I don't know about the hierarchy and the upper regions; I know about

Savoring triumph: The Reagans after the votes were counted

*The breakdown: Bush, 23%; Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker, 13%; Illinois Liberal Representative John Anderson, 10%; former Texas Governor John Connally and Illinois Representative Philip Crane, 2% each. Kansas Senator Robert Dole, the vice-presidential nominee just four years ago, received exactly 607 votes, less than half of 1%.

the people," he told cheering followers at a motel in Manchester the night of the big victory. "Now Nancy and I are flying over to Vermont [to campaign for the March 4 primary], and we won't need an airplane." Ecstatic Reagan staffers were telling jokes at the expense of the fallen George Bush. Sample: "Question: Why does Bush carry a turkey under his arm? Answer: For spare parts."

But Bush is not ready to be plucked yet, and Reagan knows it. New Hampshire was only the first of 35 state primaries; Bush had built an impressive organization for this week's contest in Massachusetts, a liberal state where Reagan appeared to have limited support. And Reagan put his whole future campaign into question by dismissing, several hours before the polls closed on election night in New Hampshire, his controversial campaign manager, John Sears. Still, for the immediate future, both momentum and the calendar favor Reagan. The early March contests are in the Dixie states of South Carolina (March 8), Georgia, Alabama and Florida (all March 11). This is conservative country, where Reagan is strong. The next major confrontation will come in the Illinois primary on March 18, the first in any of the delegate-rich industrial states.

There is always a chance that the many Republicans who consider Reagan too conservative or simply too old to win the presidency will coalesce behind an alternative candidate. That could be Bush, Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker, 54, or even ex-President Gerald Ford, 66, who appears sorely tempted to enter the race in an attempt to head off Reagan, his old nemesis from 1976.

But Reagan at least deflated the balloon of Bush, his highest-flying early challenger. Bush, the former envoy to the United Nations and to China, former Republican National Chairman and former CIA director, had modeled his entire campaign strategy on the one followed by Jimmy Carter in 1976. He hoped to win national attention in Iowa, as he certainly did, ride the sudden burst of publicity into upset victories or at least strong showings in the early primaries, and then parlay those triumphs into the nomination. In the glorious and innocent weeks between Iowa and New Hampshire, Bush bragged incessantly in his Ivy League–cheerleader tones of having "the Big Mo" (momentum). But he did only well enough to maintain his new status as No. 2 going into the Southern round. Gamely and accurately, Bush summed up his New Hampshire debacle in a postprimary phone call to Reagan. "Ron, congratulations, sir. You beat the hell out of me."

How did Reagan do it? Bush's strategists were ready—after the vote—with a barrage of excuses. For one thing, the exhausted Bush flew home to Houston the weekend before the vote, while Reagan campaigned to the bitter end. Thus New Hampshire television viewers on Sunday and Monday saw pictures of Bush resting beside his Texas swimming pool while Reagan was doggedly plowing through chilled New Hampshire crowds—an odd contrast for a campaign in which Reagan's age was supposed to be a major handicap. Heavy stress was placed on the brutal daily pummeling Bush took in the Manchester *Union Leader*, New Hampshire's only statewide paper—though Publisher William Loeb has berated other candidates in other primaries with limited consequences.

Then came the debates. In the first one, including all seven candidates, Reagan seemed stiff and ill at ease, but his private polls told him that he came across well, that the tide was already turning. He did even better in the furious flap over a Reagan-Bush debate the Saturday night before the primary. Reagan had challenged Bush to a one-on-one debate, sponsored by the Nashua, N.H., *Telegraph*, then agreed to pay the tab and artfully invited in four other candidates, Anderson, Baker, Crane and Dole. The *Telegraph* refused to change the rules for the debate, despite Reagan's angry protests, and a thoroughly flustered Bush supported the newspaper. The other candidates then charged out, accusing Bush of silencing them. The absurd scene made a strong impression on New Hampshire voters to whom Bush had been trying to sell him-

Fighting for the lead: Bush gesturing during the climactic debate before the balloting

His gamely accurate summary: "Ron, congratulations, sir. You beat the hell out of me."

Hearing the worst: Bush and aides listening to results in hotel room in Concord, N.H.

The once and future front runner and his wife at press conference in Andover, Mass.

It was Easter in February, and veteran politicians may be growing rabbit ears

self as "a President we won't have to train." If he could not cope with so minor a contretemps, voters wondered, how would he react in an international crisis?

Reagan, on the other hand, was masterful. At one point, when he was arguing that the other four candidates should participate, *Telegraph* Editor Jon Breen ordered the power in his microphone shut off. Reagan shouted, with impressive, raw anger, "I'm paying for this microphone, Mr. Green [sic]!" Said an admiring aide to Howard Baker: "There were cells in Reagan's body that hadn't seen blood for years. He was terrific!" Reagan's own judgment: "Maybe the people like to see a candidate sometimes not under control."

All these fleeting phenomena taken together, though, do not come close to accounting for the scope of Reagan's unexpected victory. He won mostly by being himself: the old actor who excited so many Republicans in 1976; the propounder of unqualified conservative answers to the most fearsomely complex problems; the deliverer of the harshest barbs in a voice of smooth geniality. Even though the voters of New Hampshire are scarcely representative of the U.S. electorate, the fact that he turned them on once again last week focuses new attention on that puzzling and enduring phenomenon of Republican politics, Ronald Wilson Reagan.

As the political season began, the nation was supposed to see a new Reagan: as conservative as ever, but speaking in gentler words, campaigning less strenuously, maintaining a benign air toward rivals. The reasoning was developed by John Sears: after his previous campaigns, all Republicans knew where Reagan stood, so there was no longer any need to fire up the conservatives. Rather, the necessity was to maintain what seemed like a long lead by shunning any rhetoric that would frighten away moderates. Thus Reagan in January uncharacteristically fudged the wording of a suggestion that the U.S. supply arms to the anti-Soviet rebels in Afghanistan, though the proposal was hardly radical. Said Reagan to TIME Senior Correspondent Laurence Barrett: "I suppose I got hung up out of fear of distortion."

The air of restraint succeeded only in making Reagan look as if he had lost his old enthusiasm—because of his age, some voters uncharitably suspected—and the strategy collapsed in the Jan. 21 Iowa caucuses. Out of that defeat charged the Reagan of yore, campaigning full time across New Hampshire and banging away again at all his old targets with stimulating vigor. "There is enough fat in the Federal Government that if you rendered it, there would be enough soap to wash the whole world." Some 22 position papers designed to portray Reagan as a positive thinker were filed and forgotten. Instead, Reagan presented once again his nostalgic vision of a day still to be recaptured, when the individual was great and the Government small, the U.S. flag and dollar respected everywhere.

The key to Reagan's popular appeal is his genuine belief that "there *are* simple answers" to the most complex problems. Some examples:

▸ Inflation. "Government causes inflation, and Government can make it go away." How? By cutting income taxes 30% over the next three years. That, in Reagan's view, would pep up the economy and produce enough new revenue to balance the budget of a Government that he would significantly reduce in size. First step: turning over all welfare administration and funding to states and localities, which in compensation would be allowed to keep what he vaguely calls "X%" of all the federal taxes collected within their borders.

▸ Energy. "The energy industry today is virtually nationalized." If all Government controls on energy and agriculture are ended, Reagan says, and "if we turn both of them loose in the marketplace, they will produce the food and fuel we need." No special effort to conserve energy is necessary: "We are energy rich."

▸ Foreign Affairs. The Soviet Union has not changed since Stalin's time. "It has one course and one course only. It is dedicated to the belief that it is going to take over the world." Moreover, the Soviets have been winning everywhere for 25 years because of a U.S. "foreign policy bordering on appeasement." Washington has seriously weakened U.S. defenses, and what is needed is a rapid buildup in all types of arms. "Tune out those cynics, pacifists and appeasers who tell us the Army and Navy of this country are nothing but extensions of some malevolent

Voters in Dixville Notch, N.H., casting state's first ballots shortly after midnight

military-industrial complex. There is only one military-industrial complex whose operations should concern us, and it is not located in Arlington, Va., but in Moscow." He fervently believes that the Soviet Union will back down in any confrontation with the U.S. One passage that never fails to win loud applause: "The President said we must ratify the SALT II treaty because no one will like us if we don't. He said he should give away the Panama Canal because no one would like us if he didn't. It is time to tell the President, 'We don't care if they like us or not. We intend to be respected throughout the world.' "

▸ Social Issues. He is a hard conservative on every one. He is outspokenly opposed to the Equal Rights Amendment, in contrast to some of his rivals (Bush, as a Congressman, supported it). As Governor of California, Reagan signed a relatively liberal abortion law, but now says that was a mistake; he advocates a constitutional amendment forbidding all abortions except those necessary to save the lives of mothers. He proposes another amendment to permit "voluntary" school prayer: "I think we are a nation under God. I think we have too many people in this country today who are interpreting freedom of religion as freedom from religion." Marijuana is "probably the worst and most dangerous drug in America today."

Much of this message sounds less arrestingly different than it did in 1968 or 1976. The ideas that the Government causes most of inflation, that a balanced budget is necessary and that the U.S. needs a major defense buildup have become staples of political oratory, proclaimed not only by conservative Republicans but by many Democrats. Said Reagan to the New York Conservative Party in January: "Remember when we were a collection of little old ladies in tennis shoes and ultra-right-wing kooks? We've become respectable."

Not completely. To some Republicans, not to mention independents and Democrats, Reagan's ideas sound less than compelling. Deep tax cuts could soon swell the inflationary federal deficit, and though all Republicans want to reduce the size of the Government, some doubt that it can or even should be slashed as drastically as Reagan advocates. Wasteful and

Grand Old Pandemonium: Reagan (left) argues for including Anderson, Baker, Dole and Crane while Breen and Bush listen

"We Were Sandbagged"

One of the decisive events of the New Hampshire primary was the strange spectacle of an angry Ronald Reagan confronting a flustered George Bush on the stage of the Nashua High School gym, while four other candidates jostled behind them like hapless losers in a game of musical chairs. When the four stalked out, one of them, Representative John Anderson, summed up the group's protest: "The responsibility for this whole travesty rests with Mr. Bush." Countered Bush's New Hampshire campaign manager, Hugh Gregg, the next day: "We feel we were sandbagged."

Reaganites were admitting nothing, but there was evidence that the former Governor's strategists had engaged in some last-minute gamesmanship. It was Reagan who first challenged Bush to a two-man debate on Jan. 29, and the Nashua *Telegraph* (circ. 25,604) agreed to sponsor it. Two days before the debate, however, the Federal Election Commission ruled that the paper's sponsorship amounted to an illegal political contribution. Reagan offered to split the $3,500 tab with Bush. Bush refused, so Reagan paid for it all.

But on the day of the debate, Reagan suddenly began to worry about complaints from the excluded candidates. Besides, was it really to his advantage to treat Bush as the only other major candidate? Reagan operatives began calling the other candidates—Senator Howard Baker, Senator Robert Dole, Representative Phillip Crane and Anderson—to invite them to the debate. Although Bush told the newspaper that he would reluctantly agree to a six-man debate, he was not told of the Reagan camp's maneuvers—whether accidentally or by design is up to each voter to decide for himself.

Once at the gym, Reagan and the four unscheduled candidates went into an anteroom to decide how to proceed. Bush arrived, knowing nothing of this turn of events. As he approached the dais, he was invited to join the others in the anteroom. He declined, pleading the press of time and thinking he might be walking into a trap. When Reagan finally appeared with the other four and argued for a six-man forum, Moderator Jon Breen, editor of the *Telegraph*, insisted that the format would not be changed.

Then the now famous scene: Reagan grabbing the mike, Breen ordering the power cut off, and Reagan shouting back, "I am paying for this microphone!" Pandemonium. "You Hitler!" someone yelled. "Didn't you ever hear of freedom of the press?" Throughout the uproar, Bush looked confused. "I was invited here by the editors of the Nashua newspaper," he said. "I am their guest. I will play by the rules, and I'm glad to be here." This was generally taken as support for a two-man debate.

When it was all over, Bush was still trying to explain. "Frankly, I feel he [Reagan] used you to set me up," he wrote to the four candidates the next day. Crane now agrees with that judgment. But the other three candidates still blame Bush for the debacle. Reagan calls Bush's complaints "ridiculous." Admits Bush, with unquestionable accuracy: "I could have handled certain things better."

misguided as many of Washington's social programs are, some at least are aimed at genuine needs that states and cities are not equipped to meet. Hardly any energy executives think the U.S. can be self-sufficient in fuel in this century; just to keep imports of foreign oil from rising will require a determined conservation effort. The dangers of forcing confrontation with the Soviets are obvious.

Nonetheless, Reagan is clearly telling many Republicans what they most want to hear, and if others are now sounding almost equally conservative, Reagan has been preaching his views longer and louder than anyone else. So his audiences forgive him for, or do not even notice, some remarkable misstatements that make Reagan sound at best ill informed.

The most startling of these so far has been a Reagan assertion, in support of his contention that the U.S. could be self-sufficient in energy without Government controls, that Alaska alone has more oil than Saudi Arabia. It turned out that he was comparing oil already discovered in Saudi Arabia with oil that might someday be found in Alaska —and even on that basis he got the figures wrong. The highest guess for possible Alaskan reserves is 100 billion bbl., of which only 9.6 billion bbl. are considered proven reserves. Saudi Arabia has 200 billion bbl. in proven reserves alone, and perhaps as much as 530 billion bbl. in possible reserves.

Despite his stern rhetoric, Reagan is almost never visibly angered, even by the most hostile questions, and banters easily with practically anyone; he and his wife Nancy have made a ritual of passing out candy to reporters on campaign planes and buses. The old entertainer usually seeks to entertain his companions too. On a campaign bus driving through a heavy snow in New Hampshire, he started out with a labored joke: "If anyone hears dogs barking, it's because the next leg will be done by sled." That led to a stream-of-consciousness monologue skipping erratically from dogs to other animals to firearms (Reagan has a small gun collection and does some target shooting, though he does not hunt) and concluding with a reading aloud from that day's installment of *Doonesbury*, one of Reagan's favorite comic strips. In a 1965 autobiography, recalling his elation at acting in college plays, Reagan wrote, "Nature was trying to tell me something —namely, that my heart is a hamloaf."

On the campaign trail, Reagan does very little handshaking; his standard appearance is a short speech followed by a question-and-answer session. With the actor in him again coming out, he loves to roll words around and test out lines, noting and then repeating at the next stop whichever ones get the loudest laughs or applause. At the end of the New Hampshire campaign, he could feel affection flowing from the crowds, and he responded exuberantly. His last appearance before the vote was a classic campaign scene: a crowd of 300 gathered inside the white clapboard town hall in New Boston (pop. 1,630); sirens screeched, bells clanged and lights flashed from a firehouse across the street; a brass band belted out lusty, if strangely matched, renditions of *God Bless America* and *Ease on Down the Road*. Reagan, visibly buoyed, even got off some unrehearsed one-liners. When a local politician proudly showed him the town's 90-year-old heavy polished-oak ballot box, Reagan cracked,

"They decided they liked the real Ronald Reagan better"

"I'd like to stuff that ballot box."

Away from the crowds, Reagan has an odd kind of little-boy quality that makes his wife and staff protect him. Aides are forever reminding him to get his dinner, to put on his overcoat, to make in public some interesting point he had discussed with them privately. However, relations between Reagan and his staff, for all its consideration and devotion, are strictly businesslike. None of his present aides address Reagan as anything but "Governor." For personal friendship, Reagan turns at home to old buddies from his movie days, among them William Holden and Jimmy Stewart, and a few of the California businessmen who first backed him for Governor 14 years ago.

Reagan's wife Nancy is a gracious and attractive woman of 56. They will celebrate their 28th anniversary this week. She travels with "Ronnie" (a nickname that only she and a few of his closest friends use) as adoring fan and adviser in small things. "Smile, honey, smile!" she will whisper to the candidate as he gets ready to tape a TV interview. A onetime movie actress who appeared in such films as *East Side, West Side* (1949) and *Shadow on the Wall* (1950), she gave up her career to marry Reagan. The candidate seems quite accurate when he says, "Any interest that she has in politics, she got from me." She does play a significant part, however, in Reagan's decisions about his staff.

Nancy makes occasional separate appearances, but limits them to innocuous Q.-and-A. sessions. Says she: "Making a speech would scare me to death." When Reagan is speaking, she sits near by watching him with rapt attention, laughing at the little jokes she has heard scores of times. Why? "There is always something different in the audience or the setting, and I do enjoy hearing Ronnie talk."

Reagan copes good-humoredly with a subterranean but important issue: his age. He jokes about it at senior citizens' meetings, and once amiably let a TV reporter run her fingers through his gray-streaked brown hair to see if it was dyed; she could not find any signs that it was. Other evidence is equally inconclusive. In TV closeups, Reagan sometimes looks wrinkled and wattled. He seems to walk a bit stiffly and sometimes has difficulty hearing questions from an audience.

His afflictions are minor and might not even be noticed if Reagan were not under the most intense scrutiny. He plows through grueling campaign days with apparently undiminished vigor, though he does try to get eight hours of sleep a night; and until late in the New Hampshire campaign he insisted on flying back to California every weekend to relax at his ranch, a $1.5 million enclave near Santa Barbara that few reporters or even campaign aides are ever permitted to visit. His doctors insist that he is in "remarkably good" health, and he maintains a hard campaign schedule without feeling any need to exercise or watch his diet. Quite the contrary: he is one of the few politicians who regularly eat the food at banquets, and he complains mildly that he is often called on to speak before he can start on the dessert.

Reagan has some other problems that could become serious in future primaries. One is his campaign staff—or what is left of it. This staff is by far the biggest working for any candidate in either party this year. In some ways it is superbly organized. Advancemen carry a check list of 106 items for every Reagan stop: staffers' hotel

"He Was the Cruiser"

"They finally got Rasputin, didn't they?" So chortled longtime Reagan Aide Lyn Nofziger over the sudden sacking of Campaign Manager John Sears, who only last August had pushed Nofziger out. The departure of the superstrategist who ran the 1976 campaign brings a decisive shift in the Reagan candidacy: the return to power of the highly conservative California old guard that largely advised Reagan until Sears took over and shouldered them aside in recent months. Indeed, some of the most intriguing maneuverings of the 1980 presidential race have taken place within the Reagan camp—a struggle, it might be said, not just over strategy but for the political soul of the candidate.

Conservatively inclined but a pragmatic practitioner, Sears provided Reagan with a 1980 national strategy aimed at winning the election as well as the Republican nomination. A Washington attorney, Sears, 39, tried to broaden Reagan's appeal, and the candidate appeared to go along. Reagan admitted that he was troubled by his image in the East as a "Neanderthal reactionary." He almost seemed in awe of his $65,000-a-year subordinate as he listened deferentially to Sears' monologues on issues and tactics. Often when Reagan arrived at a meeting of aides, he asked: "Where's John? There are some things I want to check with him."

But Reagan's ideological cohort—men like Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt and North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms—could never accept the know-it-all interloper. They kept sniping at him. They complained that while Sears was vainly trying to win over Eastern moderates, he was alienating the conservative faithful. They blamed Sears for a TV ad in which Reagan commented on economic policy: "We have to move ahead, but we can't leave anyone behind." Griped a Reagan operative: "It made Reagan sound like a liberal."

Sears was also personally offensive to the old guard. As his control of the campaign increased, he became more remote and uncommunicative. At Reagan rallies, he would stay off to one side chain-smoking, not bothering to mix with the rank-and-file volunteers anxious to meet the brains of the campaign. Said a Reagan loyalist: "You never felt you could just walk in on Sears with a problem. He rarely smiled and when he did, it was always manipulating. We were all amazed at the Christmas party when Sears came in and started talking socially with us. We always felt he was the cruiser and we were the tugboat."

When Reagan lost narrowly to George Bush in Iowa, Sears' adversaries struck. His "imperial strategy," they complained, which had kept Reagan out of the fray, cost him the victory in the caucus. In advising Reagan to be less strident, Sears had made him more monotonous. Says Nofziger: "Reagan always was a slow learner. He just had to be hit by a two-by-four one more time. He woke up to the fact that he was not running his own campaign. He realized that Sears is cocky, pompous and arrogant."

Leading the dump-Sears move was one of the surviving California loyalists, Ed Meese, a cherubic "kicked-back guy," as another aide puts it, who likes to hang around the coffee pot chatting with anybody who comes along. As Reagan's issues man, Meese engineered Sears' downfall by bringing a new face into the campaign—William Casey, 66, a wealthy New York lawyer and an old Republican pro who was SEC chairman under President Nixon. Casey gained Reagan's confidence, and Meese pushed him to take control of the now disorganized campaign team. Reagan, who had earlier tolerated Sears' ousting of key Californians, just as calmly contemplated Sears' departure. "John is a fine strategist," said Reagan, "but there was a gap in administration, a lack of communication between the headquarters and the field. We just had a disagreement about that."

Reagan prepared to fire Sears just when his campaign manager pulled off his triumph at the Nashua *Telegraph* debate. Chipper and confident, Sears had no reason to think he was being axed when he and two lieutenants—National Political Director Charles Black and Press Secretary Jim Lake—were summoned to the boss's suite at a Holiday Inn in Manchester, N.H. There they encountered Reagan and Casey; off to one side sat Nancy Reagan, looking distressed. Reagan came right to the point. He handed Sears a press release announcing his resignation. Stifling his surprise, Sears responded, "I'm not surprised." Reagan made it clear that the other two aides also had to go.

EVANS—GAMMA/LIAISON

Ousted Campaign Boss Sears and Incoming Boss Casey

Sears was immediately asked to help in Howard Baker's campaign, but he doubts that he will work for any other candidate since he still regards Reagan as the "best of the lot." He is concerned, however, that in the hands of the old guard Reagan will not be properly briefed on the issues and may commit the kind of blunders that plagued him in the 1976 campaign. Defending himself at a press conference after his firing, Sears described the Reagan campaign as an organizational nightmare. He contended that the Californians kept going behind his back to Reagan, who was "a very kind human being" and did not crack down the way he should have. People were hired and money was spent without Sears' approval, he said. He charged that Nofziger and Mike Deaver, whom Sears had also removed, lavished $2 million on an unproductive direct mail appeal, two questionable fund raisers and an announcement dinner. But the winners of the power struggle replied that Sears squandered money by refusing to delegate authority or share his ideas with others.

Reagan's old guard felt like celebrating. "It's a good development," said Laxalt. "Now we can change the grand strategy and run a grass-roots campaign. This has really freed the Governor psychologically. He stated his views in New Hampshire in a clear, direct way. Before, it was in a muted fashion and it tightened him up."

But Reagan's presidential rivals were also jubilant. Said David Keene, George Bush's political director, who worked as Reagan's Southern strategist in 1976: "We're pleased to see him benching his first string. They managed to get rid of 90% of the people with talent in that campaign. Look at how Sears bagged us in the debate. Nobody else could have done it." With 47 Republican primaries and caucuses to go, Reagan now has to rely on a new team to undertake the services once performed by "Rasputin."

rooms must be at least one floor away from those occupied by reporters; the hotel's full restaurant menu, not just an abbreviated room-service version, must be available to Reagan and Nancy; the lectern from which the 6-ft. 1-in. Reagan is to give any formal speech must be precisely 43 in. high. But there was angry infighting that led to last week's shake-up *(see box)*, and there are odd gaps. Strangely enough for a candidate with Reagan's acting experience, there is no one in overall charge of preparing TV commercials; the first two taped for the New Hampshire campaign had to be discarded because they dealt exclusively with domestic policy at a time when the attention of the voters had swung to foreign affairs, and they were dull besides. Nor is there any full-time speechwriter. Reagan re-

On to the next round in Dixie: Reagan and Bush shaking hands in Columbia, S.C.

Simple answers to complex problems vs. *optimism voiced in mystifying CIA jargon.*

serves that job for himself, endlessly scribbling passages on 4-in. by 6-in. index cards, which he shuffles into new arrangements to vary the standard speech that he delivers at every town hall and country club; he blames some of his fluffs on difficulty in reading his own shorthand.

Far more important, Reagan has somehow managed already to spend $12 million of the $18 million he is allowed under federal election laws to pay out for all the rest of the pre-convention campaign. Part of the reason is that his managers figured they could spend lavishly in the early stages, on the theory that after the Illinois primary, Reagan would have the nomination locked up. That might happen, but if his rivals manage to prolong a close contest past Illinois, Reagan could be severely crimped in the decisive late primaries. His difficulties, however, pale alongside those faced by his competitors after New Hampshire.

George Bush has undeniable assets. His recitation of the top Government jobs he has held—in his words, his "fantastic credentials" for the presidency—sometimes bring oohs and ahs from the voters. As a New England aristocrat who moved to Texas and made a fortune in the oil business, he endlessly boasts that he is one candidate who has actually met a payroll. He preaches a bubbly optimism ("I just know we can solve all our problems"). He is a demon campaigner, who started so early that he often tells audiences, accurately, that his race is already two-thirds over, and he has proved himself an expert at putting together an extensive political organization.

But intense personal campaigning and superb grass-roots organization were not the whole explanation of why Bush did so well in the Iowa caucuses. He was also a fresh face, and an energetic and appealing alternative to Reagan. His victory, and his rocketing rise in the polls that followed, subjected him to an intense level of examination that caused him trouble in New Hampshire. Once a dull speaker, Bush has adopted an excitable platform manner that is not always impressive: his sentences sometimes come out in a jumble, and his hyperactive gestures occasionally appear to be out of sync with his words. He sometimes speaks in a mystifying CIA jargon; he will refer to a suit as his "gray unit" and tell audiences that the U.S. must "stay ahead of the power curve."

Bush's basic difficulty is that he is trying to be all things to all Republicans. His views on most issues are nearly as conservative as those of Reagan. He too wants to reduce federal spending programs, slash regulation of business, cut taxes in such a way as to stimulate investment, while still sharply increasing defense spending and adopting a much tougher policy toward the Soviets.

But Bush seeks to present these positions in a more moderate tone than Reagan; he would not cut taxes so deeply as Reagan would. Bush, like Reagan, is against the Panama Canal treaties, but voices concern about seeming to ally the U.S. with outdated colonialism. There is a strong case to be made for a fundamentally conservative posture that manages to recognize the complexities of the modern world—but Bush in New Hampshire did not make that case, and partly by design. He repeatedly refused to be specific. He had a budget drawn up detailing just which social programs he would cut by how much to balance tax cuts and increased defense spending, but he decided not to present it. His candid explanation: "Whatever I do will depend on whether it will help me get the nomination."

In addition, Bush got himself tagged with a charge that has proved damaging: that his background (Andover, Yale, Skull and Bones) made him a member of the Eastern liberal establishment. The accusation is unfair in view of Bush's basic conservatism, but it has hurt. *Union Leader* Publisher Loeb sneered at Bush as a "clean-fingernails Republican," and Senator Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire put out a large mailing asserting that Reagan was the only candidate who was not identified with the Eastern liberal "defeatist" complex. At meeting after meeting, Bush was asked whether he was a member of the Trilateral Commission (he was), a perfectly worthy and respectable group devoted to better relations among the U.S., Europe and Japan,* which ultraconservatives portray as a sinister band of plotters bent on merging the U.S. with the Soviet Union. When Reagan was asked about such quasi-Birchite charges, he did not disavow them. In fact, he said, "I hope it works." But he added piously, "I myself don't say things like that in a campaign and I'm not going to."

Late last week, Bush pledged to get more specific and more aggressive. "I will be sharpening the differences between Ronald Reagan and myself," he said, and he called on the press, reasonably enough, to demand exactitude from Reagan too. Asked Bush: "What is the date Governor Reagan has in mind when the Federal Government is going to have a balanced budget?" But some members of his staff wondered if Bush could make that approach work. Said one: "He has no sense of the jugular, and there is no use trying to make him into something he is not.

*Some other members: Henry Kissinger and two other members of the Nixon Cabinet, Peter Peterson and Caspar Weinberger; two Nixon appointees to the Council of Economic Advisers, Paul McCracken and Marina Whitman, Banker David Rockefeller.

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If Bush cannot recover, the logical candidate to stop Reagan would be Howard Baker. He has impressive credentials as a moderate conservative who speaks smoothly and sensibly, and has considerable experience in Washington (he has been a Senator since 1967). But he is suffering severely from a late start and showing little if any talent for campaign organizing. John Anderson's proud independence and stubborn insistence on advocating unpleasant proposals—he hammers away on the need for a 50¢-per-gal. gasoline tax to reduce energy consumption—have won much favorable media attention and a core of devoted followers. But the core remains small. John Connally's smooth wheeler-dealer conservatism has excited corporate executives but not the electorate; he has been reduced to staking everything on a strong showing in the primary in South Carolina, and even there he is running badly in the polls (8.8% in the latest one).

The real race, however, is just beginning. Some 60 of the eventual 1,994 delegates to the Detroit convention have so far been chosen; Reagan and Bush are tied with 22 each. During the next two weeks, Reagan has a chance to increase his lead and even possibly to knock one or two rivals out of contention—especially Connally, if he runs poorly in South Carolina, where he is staging a $1 million blitz. On the other hand, Bush has an opportunity to solidify his standing as Reagan's chief rival, and he would not have to win in the Southern primaries to do so but merely finish close to Reagan.

Reagan has one intangible asset in the South: he campaigns better there than in the Northeast. He gestures more freely.

Ford: Ready to Tee Off?

In the wake of New Hampshire, there is little doubt that former President Gerald Ford is on the verge of deciding whether to plunge into the race for the Republican nomination. It is also clear that if he is to make his momentous move, he must do so in two or three weeks. Increasingly, some party pros are betting that Ford will decide to run. In a conversation with TIME last week, Ford himself made it plain that his candidacy was very possible.

Fit, tanned and outwardly relaxed as he ponders the campaign in his Palm Springs–area home, Ford looks eager to join the action. His telephone jangles repeatedly with calls from old political cronies urging him to announce his candidacy as their best hope of stopping Ronald Reagan. Apart from the lingering animosity from his close personal fight with Reagan in 1976, Ford shares the fears of many Republican leaders that Reagan could not win if the Democrats renominate President Carter. He doubts that the other Republicans in the race could win either.

Ford's supporters, on the other hand, feel that his record in the presidency would serve him well in a campaign against Carter. He could point to his reduction of inflation, his advocacy of more funds for defense, and the consistency of his foreign policy under Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Contends Bob Hughes, a longtime Ford supporter in Ohio and G.O.P. chairman in Cleveland: "The American people this time are either going to vote for an incumbent President or someone who has been President."

Nor is all the telephoning incoming to Ford. On the morning after the New Hampshire primary, Hughes got a call from Palm Springs. It was Bob Barrett, one of Ford's top aides, who asked simply: "Are you still uncommitted?" Says Hughes: "I told him that I was sitting tight." Hughes is convinced that Ford will announce his candidacy shortly.

The endorsement of several Midwest Republican Governors, including Ohio's James Rhodes, Michigan's William Milliken, Illinois' Jim Thompson, Wisconsin's Lee Dreyfus and Indiana's Otis Bowen, could well follow. Already, some Ford backers are prepared to finance a national advertising campaign to promote his candidacy. Declared Chicago Republican Chairman Lou Kasper enthusiastically: "Ninety-eight percent of the Republican politicians I know would be for Jerry Ford if he runs. And I think he will run."

MARK DE LESPINASSE

The shot would be late—and long

Why the new urgency about a Ford decision? Foremost is the possibility of a party rush toward Reagan in the glow of his New Hampshire victory. While Ford has talked in the past of waiting for a potential deadlock at the nominating convention, many of the party's pros consider that most unlikely. They also note that the filing deadlines for remaining key primary elections are either past or imminent. Nevertheless, if Ford were to start filing this week in all primaries still open, he would have a chance to win 729, or 36%, of the 1,994 national convention delegates. In addition, more than 400 other delegates are yet to be chosen in state caucuses or state conventions.

In practical terms, the final date for Ford to become a serious primary campaign challenger is March 21, the deadline for both the California primary, which will select 168 delegates, and Michigan, where home-state Republicans presumably would give Ford a big share of their 82 delegates. Republicans partial to Ford concede that Reagan would be a favorite in California, but they are fighting the state party's rule that awards all 168 delegates to the one candidate who tops the primary vote. They want to give Ford a shot at a share of that large chunk of delegates.

Not even Ford's most ardent supporters believe he could enter now and get enough of the remaining delegates to win outright on the convention's first ballot. Their strategy apparently would be to try to gain enough delegates to deny anybody a first-ballot victory. Then Ford would have to make a deal with one of the still surviving candidates, most likely Howard Baker or George Bush, to gain a convention majority. An offer to share the ticket as a vice presidential candidate—and heir apparent to the party leadership—would be his main bargaining point.

Other veteran Republican strategists doubt any such plan could work. They contend that Ford's entry as an active candidate would merely further divide the anti-Reagan vote in the primaries, without seriously diminishing Reagan's level of support.

Some Republican leaders also wonder whether there might not be a bit of nostalgia in the current surge of sentiment for Ford. They compare the feeling to the earlier yearning in the Democratic Party for Ted Kennedy to run —and a few see Ford almost as vulnerable to slippage once he enters what could be a bitter intraparty feud.

Yet last week, there was less doubt about the "if" of a Ford move; it seemed much more a matter of "when?"

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Once Again, the Bush Thing

Call it the George Bush thing, since it is yet unnamed by Political Chronicler Theodore H. White. It is not the garden variety syndrome that even a political science professor could identify. The thing normally cannot be seen or heard. It is not easily documentable with dates and places and simple sentences. It is a shadow that has followed Bush throughout his national prominence. It showed up again in the New Hampshire campaign, and in the squalid Nashua argument over who should or should not debate. That helped trigger some of the electoral doubts that engulfed Bush in the primary.

It is now one of those ridiculous but important minidramas in the bizarre world of campaigning that may never be accurately sorted out, because so many people were involved and so much of the story hinges on perceptions and feelings jammed into a few minutes. The same sort of thing happened when John Kennedy, the new Democratic nominee in 1960, offered Lyndon Johnson the vice-presidential slot, and L.B.J. astonished everyone by accepting. No one is yet certain how it all evolved.

DIRCK HALSTEAD

Home in Houston after debate

Some scornful critics are suggesting that the Nashua incident portrayed Bush as the fragile, blue-blooded, rich Ivy Leaguer they always thought he was. The Ivy League takes a lot of bad raps. Strong men do emerge from those schools. Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy went to Harvard and Gerald Ford to Yale.

The more thoughtful students of George Bush have always been concerned about a degree of sensitivity or reticence or perhaps propriety that seemed to suggest timidity. At crucial times in Bush's career that quality appeared and raised doubts about his fiber. This problem has grown disproportionately large in the house of magnifying mirrors that we now call the presidential selection process.

Examining such a subtle trait in a person like Bush with a record of established achievement is a journey into psychohistory, which is hazardous and which politicians hate. Yet those considerations can be terribly important in public perception and finally in public judgment of a leader.

Back in 1970, when Bush was running unsuccessfully a second time for the U.S. Senate from Texas, he looked to President Richard Nixon and Vice President Spiro Agnew for help —but nervously. Nixon was growing testy over attacks charging that he had not liquidated the Viet Nam War. Agnew was Nixon's rude political and press hatchet man. Both spoke in Texas for Bush. Afterward, Bush had some second thoughts and canceled film clips of the Nixon visit in his efforts to walk a narrow line between the White House and his ambitions beyond. Ever so slightly those first impressions formed that Bush was too cautious.

In 1974 Bush was Republican national chairman as Watergate rose against Nixon, and Bush rekindled concerns about his propensity for hyperdeliberation. Why did he not distance the G.O.P. from Nixon? If he could not do that, then why did he not quit? His answer was like those of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and White House Chief of Staff General Alexander Haig. Bush stayed to preserve some order as the House of Nixon collapsed. Nixon's guilt had not been proved in court, nor had he been impeached. Bush tiptoed once more: mannered, thoughtful, searching for a civilized route through anarchy. But his quiet political diplomacy seemed to many to be excessively restrained at a time when the national interest demanded a loud and angry shout.

The question about Bush is now with us again. Why did he not instantly take charge of that New Hampshire squabble and either exit with firm grace or invite his rivals in with commanding confidence and humor? (After all, Ronald Reagan had enough presence to grab the mike.) Was it good manners, plain politeness, or was he momentarily anesthetized by the fear that the intrusion of others would dilute his thin lead over Reagan? In the end, it may be yet another lesson to all practitioners that in the era of superprogrammed politics, the natural man needs to be let out now and then.

speaks more vigorously, even looks younger. One reason may be the weather. Like many another Southern Californian, Reagan is far more at ease when he can strip off his suit jacket, as he did two weeks ago on the sun-drenched campus of Palm Beach Junior College in Florida. Cried Reagan: "It is time to start a crash military buildup, to make us so strong that no one will ever again raise a hand against the U.S." The students cheered.

Southern crowds are generally receptive to a strongly conservative appeal, and the friendly reaction makes Reagan loosen up. On his brief Southern swing just before the close of the New Hampshire campaign, more than 2,500 young people jammed into the auditorium of Samford University in Birmingham and applauded even his most prosaic remarks. Reagan responded with some notably loose oratory. He repeated his opposition to registration for the draft—a position that only Ted Kennedy shares among the active candidates—and then added, in reference to the possible registration of women: "There's something inherent in the draft that suggests combat. I don't want to be part of any society that puts women into combat." That was something of a cheap shot at Jimmy Carter, who has also said that he would never permit the use of women in combat. Bush takes the same line, and less articulately. In one of his recent speeches he came out against "mixed sex in foxholes."

A string of Southern victories for Reagan would surprise no one, which brings the campaign to Illinois. If one of Reagan's rivals does not manage to beat Reagan there, his momentum could become unstoppable. In Illinois, as elsewhere, Reagan is benefiting from the fact that the vote opposing him is split up among a number of candidates. On the other hand, a Reagan defeat in Illinois—especially if it followed an unexpected loss in one or two of the Southern states—would probably lead to a hard race right up to the convention. Baker told supporters last week he would concentrate his efforts on making a comeback in Illinois, and Bush will be campaigning hard there too. As of now, all predictions are for a close contest. Says Don Totten, Reagan's Illinois chairman: "With the swings in the polls and the fickleness of the voters, it is hard to tell what is going to happen next."

However Reagan does in Illinois or the South, his triumph in New Hampshire virtually guarantees one thing. It is possible now to visualize any of his rivals being defeated so badly in the next few weeks as to be forced out of the race. It is no longer possible to foresee such a fate for Reagan. He may lose, but he will almost certainly be a strong contender to the end. His biggest problem may be that the very hardline conservative positions that appeal to the enthusiasts who vote in G.O.P. primaries are exactly those that might not attract the much larger body of people who will vote in November. ■

Kennedy: "We're in It to Stay"

He plugs away toward Illinois, while Carter surveys his roses

After his first drubbing by Jimmy Carter, in Iowa's Democratic caucuses, Ted Kennedy ordered a speechwriter to draft a statement of withdrawal from the presidential race. But the Senator soon had second thoughts and filed the speech away. Since then he has been beaten three more times—in Maine, Minnesota and, most embarrassingly, in his own backyard of New Hampshire. Yet because he got more New Hampshire votes than Carter did in 1976,* Kennedy thrust out a fist and made a peculiar boast: "Tonight we are claiming victory." And he later added, "We're in it to stay."

Some victory. The final tally showed that Carter, who never left the White House, won 49% of the votes, *vs.* Kennedy's 38%. No matter how good a face Kennedy put on the outcome, it was still a bitter blow. Last September, early in the draft-Teddy boom, a Boston *Globe* poll showed Kennedy leading Carter in New Hampshire by better than 2 to 1. But when the Senator became an announced candidate, he plummeted in New Hampshire as elsewhere in the country. Voters questioned his stands on issues, wondered over his inept campaigning and brought up old doubts about Chappaquiddick. On the weekend before primary day, Kennedy threw everything and everyone into the campaign, including 1,500 volunteers who rang countless doorbells and phones to summon supporters to the polls. He managed only to narrow the margin to 11%, enough for him to keep on campaigning, but still an embarrassing defeat by most standards.

Wailed Dudley Dudley, who headed the original Kennedy write-in campaign in New Hampshire: "It was the flag. People kept saying that in a time of crisis, they had to support the President." Kennedy carried no major segment of New Hampshire Democrats, except the young. He lost the blue-collar vote, which he considered one of his basic constituencies. He lost the most heavily Catholic precincts, in part because he favors federal financing of abortion for poor women when medically necessary. He lost all of New Hampshire's largest cities except Dover and Portsmouth, where he was in agreement with the local opposition to construction of the nearby Seabrook nuclear power plant. And worse prospects lie ahead. After this week's primary in his home state of Massachusetts, Kennedy faces three contests on March 11 in Carter's Southern stronghold: Alabama, Florida and Georgia. Kennedy plans only token appearances in those states, so that he can concentrate on Illinois, which on March 18 will have the first primary in an industrial state outside the two candidates' native regions.

Kennedy's only real hope at this point is a political miracle—that Carter will make a major mistake or that the news will suddenly change. If the American hostages were released in Tehran and Soviet-occupied Afghanistan faded as an issue, Carter might suddenly seem very vulnerable on domestic issues, such as inflation and energy, and Kennedy's political fortunes could soar. It is no wonder that when some of the Senator's aides learned that the inflation rate had jumped 1.4% in January, they actually cheered. Kennedy believes that the economic issue has already taken hold, and will work to his benefit despite his image as a big-spending liberal. Said he of this issue: "It's sharpened. It's intensified. The party that addresses it is the one that's going to be successful."

But even if voters do switch their attention from the crises overseas to inflation at home, Kennedy will still be up against his most enduring political problem: voters' doubts about his character. Because of them, he switched his broadcast spots in the last days of the New Hampshire campaign from criticism of Carter to character defenses by his mother Rose and sister-in-law Ethel. Rose Kennedy said her son was devoted to his family and had been "a tower of strength on the tragic occasions of the deaths of my three older sons." Ethel Kennedy described how he has served as surrogate father to her eleven children. Nonetheless, surveys showed that many voters opposed Kennedy mostly because of questions about his personal life and integrity; because of similar doubts, 24% of the Democrats across the country would not vote for him under any circumstances, according to a New York *Times*–CBS poll.

Kennedy got an ugly reminder of this hostility last week during a brief side trip to Birmingham, Ala. Hecklers there repeatedly interrupted his speech, jeering "You're a murderer" and waved signs that asked HOW CAN YOU RESCUE THE COUNTRY WHEN YOU COULDN'T RESCUE MARY JO? When Kennedy said that he favored handgun registration in part because "my family has been touched by violence," the hecklers cheered and applauded.

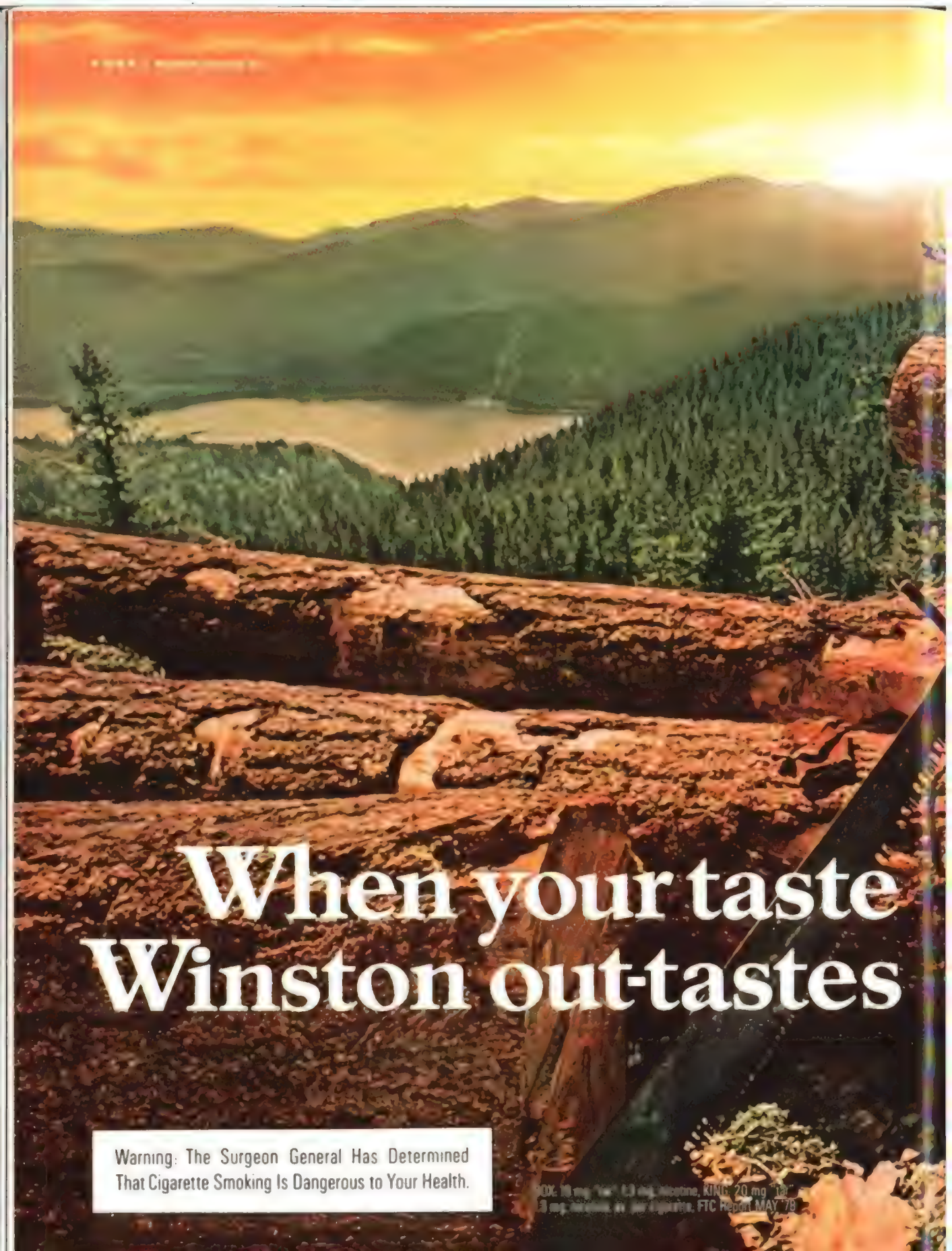
In Illinois, Kennedy now lags far behind Carter, by 13% to 66% according to a poll made public last week by the Chicago *Sun-Times* and WMAQ-TV. Kennedy has the backing of combative Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne. But elsewhere in Illinois, most Democratic pros are working for Carter. In downstate Morgan County, for example, when Democratic Chairman Leonard Kramp, a Kennedy fan, was stripped of control over hiring local census workers, he was told by Regional Census Director Manker Harris "You're a nonperson. You decided to back the wrong man for President. You understand politics, and this *is* politics."

In Washington last week, Carter was

At the White House, Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter greet Olympic Speed Skating Star Eric Heiden

The President's strategy is working just fine, and he has no intention of changing it

*That year, Carter won with 28% of the vote, followed by Morris Udall (23%), Birch Bayh (15%), Fred Harris (11%), Sargent Shriver (8%), Hubert Humphrey (6%) and Henry Jackson (2%).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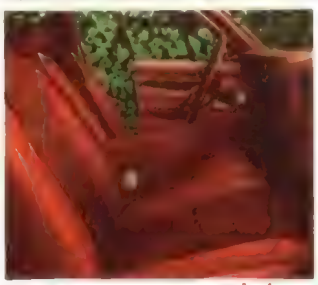

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In his moment of defeat, Kennedy makes a defiant claim of victory in New Hampshire

"People kept saying that in a time of crisis, they had to support the President."

busily looking presidential. He lunched at the White House with U.S. Olympic athletes, calling them "modern-day American heroes." Exclaimed Carter: "The U.S. hockey team! Their victory was one of the most breathtaking upsets, not only in Olympic history but in the entire history of sports." He ringingly renewed his support of Israel at a conference of the United Jewish Appeal, saying: "We will continue to provide sufficient aid to Israel to enable it to defend itself against any possible adversary." He dined with 38 Governors in the East Room, reminding them that he is the first former Governor since Franklin Roosevelt to reach the presidency. The Rose Garden strategy is working just fine, and Carter has no intention of changing it.

The afternoon after his triumph in New Hampshire, the President changed into blue shorts and a blue Olympic jacket with USA across the back in red letters. Then, all alone, he chugged steadily round and round the Rose Garden, his breath visible in the chilly air. ■

Ted's Aching Back

As Senator Ted Kennedy politicked through New England, he was often afflicted by a problem that was never mentioned in any campaign speeches and rarely elsewhere: severe pain in his lower back. Kennedy crushed three vertebrae in the crash of a small plane in 1964. Since his recovery, he has suffered periodically from back trouble—much as his brother John did in his rocking chair in the White House. On one extended foray, the Senator flinched visibly every time he clambered out of the eight-seat Piper Chieftain that took him from New York City to his stops in three New England states. In Northampton, Mass., when zealous Secret Service agents kept local TV newsmen too far from the plane to film Kennedy's arrival, the candidate summoned them to within camera range and then obligingly, and painfully, hauled himself out of his limousine. That kind of difficulty has sometimes frayed his temper, and probably contributed to his erratic campaign performance.

Kennedy's aides have had to rewrite his schedules frequently to accommodate his back problems. The Senator has asked them to rule out factory tours because he wants to avoid the long hikes on hard floors. When he shakes hands with large groups of voters, he props himself against a table or folding chair held by a Secret Service agent. Rest periods are programmed into each day, so that he can go soak for an hour in a hot bath.

The pain is aggravated by rides in bouncing buses and by nights in the soft, sometimes sagging beds of supporters' homes. Kennedy takes along a bed board, which helps, but whenever possible, he sleeps on the firm and familiar mattress of his bed in Hyannis Port. Late last week, after 17 straight days of campaigning, he flew to West Palm Beach, Fla., for a day of relaxation in his mother's mansion. One of its useful features: a whirlpool bath.

Royal Flush

A gold-plated plumbing caper

The order submitted in January to Miami's Bond Plumbing Supply Inc. seemed fit for King Louis XIV: a custom-made sunken bathtub, a sink with 24-karat gold-plated faucets, pastel blue toilets, a "harvest gold" bidet with chrome-plated trim, even a portable Jacuzzi. But when Carol Cherrey, office manager and taxpayer, saw the name on the $8,934 order, she said she "blew my stack." The deluxe fixtures were ostensibly ordered for a vocational instruction class at MacArthur South High School. Yet MacArthur, a school for 235 troubled youths, had no plumbing class.

Cherrey angrily called the school board's purchasing department, which canceled the order. The board began an investigation into what Miami's newspapers soon dubbed "the gold-plated plumbing caper." The elaborate fixtures had been picked out by MacArthur Principal Solomon Barnes, 36, although a salesman at the plumbing-supply house claims he had tried to get him to buy cheaper items. Johnny Jones, 46, superintendent of schools for the 225,000-pupil Dade County system, fifth largest in the nation, approved the purchase as a "special needs" requisition, which took it out of normal channels of review. On the records, the material was listed as "basketball uniforms and equipment."

Principal Barnes maintained that he had been planning to start a plumbing class in the high school. Jones added "It's not unusual for a principal to look for the best quality, even if it does cost more." But state investigators discovered that both Jones and Barnes were building new houses. The contractor for Jones' $121,000 weekend retreat in Naples, 100 miles away, disclosed that seven weeks ago, the superintendent had ordered construction changes that could accommodate the luxury plumbing.

Blacks protested that authorities were moving too hastily against Jones, the first black superintendent in Dade County history, and Barnes, who is also black. But last week both were suspended from their jobs without pay and indicted for second-degree grand theft. They plan to plead not guilty. If convicted, they face maximum penalties of five years in prison and $10,000 fines. Jones, who had hitherto received high marks from the school board, and Barnes, an educator for twelve years, may also face the prospect of careers going down the drain.

After the indictments, a fire gutted the Fort Lauderdale showroom of Bond Plumbing Supply, the firm whose office manager had blown the whistle on the operation. Fort Lauderdale Fire Captain Stanley Janson said that the blaze was set by arsonists. ■

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Poisoning the Battlefield

In chemical warfare, the U.S. lags far behind Moscow

One causes nosebleeds, blurred vision, convulsions and paralysis. Another covers the victim with blisters. Still another makes the lungs and respiratory system secrete so much fluid that the body drowns in its own juices.

These are some of the grisly and deadly effects caused by the various sprays and gases used as chemical weapons. Partly because of popular revulsion, such poisons have not been used in large scale on battlefields since 36 gases, including chlorine, phosgene and mustard gas, killed 91,000 and injured 1.2 million (many for life) in World War I. Indeed, President Richard Nixon in 1969 renounced all use of biological weapons and first use of chemical arms. But top U.S. generals are becoming increasingly alarmed at the chemical warfare (C.W.) threat from the Soviet Union. There have been reports, which Western intelligence has not been able to confirm, that the Soviets have used poison gas in Afghanistan, and that the Vietnamese and Laotian Communist forces have used U.S.S.R.-supplied gas against Meo tribes in Laos. Says General John W. Pauly, commander of U.S. Air Forces in Europe: "The Soviets have a considerable C.W. capability, both offensive and defensive. And they are prepared to use it."

Moscow's armed forces now have between 70,000 and 100,000 C.W. specialists, and a chemical-defense company is assigned to every line regiment. Using bombs, artillery shells, mortars, multiple-rocket launchers, air-delivered sprays or even land mines, the Soviets can attack with phosgene, mustard gas, hydrogen cyanide, nerve agents, botulin and a variety of lethal viruses.

U.S. military intelligence experts estimate that a third of the U.S.S.R.'s more than 2,000 tactical missiles are equipped with chemical warheads. The 170-mile-range Scud B rocket, for example, can infect an area of 750 to 1,000 acres with nerve gas by exploding on ground impact or detonating overhead and releasing a deadly drizzle. According to John Erickson, a widely respected expert on Soviet military matters and director of defense studies at the University of Edinburgh, Kremlin battlefield doctrine calls for using chemicals against the West's command posts and airfields. Gases can blanket a wide area and penetrate buildings and fortifications, killing their occupants even though their exact location may be unknown to the attacker. Says Erickson: "A mixture of conventional and chemical attacks by the Red Army in Europe would give them a considerable tactical advantage."

To allow continued fighting on a poisoned battlefield, Moscow's troops are all equipped with protective suits and masks. Tanks and armored personnel carriers are tightly sealed and carry filters to protect the crews against poisoned air and dust. Soviet forces train extensively in C.W. techniques at more than 1,000 ranges, sometimes even with active toxic agents. It is believed, in fact, that accidents during such exercises have been killing about a dozen or so soldiers annually.

In contrast to the impressive U.S.S.R. force, the U.S. so far has only about 2,000 C.W. experts. Concedes a Pentagon official: "We've been slow getting started." But now the nearly defunct Army Chemical Corps has been resuscitated, and special chemical-defense units are being organized as quickly as experts become available. Current plans call for a C.W. company to be assigned to each of the Army's 16 divisions and four independent brigades and regiments; six of these companies are already in the field and five more are to be added this year.

The major U.S. effort is on individual survival. U.S. forces in Europe now have what the Pentagon calls "chemical ensembles"—masks, rubber gloves, boots, and overgarments made up of interwoven fiber layers over a black charcoal lining. This garment traps noxious elements. Troops wearing chemical ensembles can eat, talk and eliminate body wastes without exposure to toxic chemicals, but the outfits are still very cumbersome. Soldiers in them grow hot and uncomfortable. Sighting a weapon, operating the tiny knobs and switches clustered on sophisticated arms, using the radio, even talking mask to mask become major efforts. To a squad or platoon leader, his masked men all suddenly look alike. Commands become hard to understand and it is often difficult for a leader to get his men's attention. In C.W. exercises, in fact, squad leaders have had to throw stones at G.I.s to get them to turn around to see hand and arm signals.

NATO soldier clothed to resist chemicals

Convulsions and a danger of drowning in body juices.

The Army needs up to $1 billion over the next five years for C.W. offense and defense. Some experts argue that the best defense is the threat of chemical retaliation. They point out that even Hitler was deterred from using his formidable C.W. arsenal because the Allies threatened to respond in kind. Without a credible chemical counterpunch, it becomes more likely that the U.S. would have to resort to tactical nuclear arms as a response to a Soviet chemical attack.

Although the nation's C.W. stockpile has declined only about 10% since Nixon's action of a decade ago, many of the arsenal's delivery systems are aging and deteriorating. Next year's proposed defense budget earmarks only $2 million for researching a chemical warhead for a multiple rocket launcher and $4.2 million for maintaining the current U.S. stock of war chemicals. Among them are 888 Weteye gravity bombs containing a nerve agent; last week the Pentagon announced that it will continue storing the weapons at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal near Denver despite protests from residents of the area who fear potentially lethal leaks. The Army has been seeking funds for a $170 million plant to manufacture artillery shells containing two chemicals that are harmless when separate but become hazardous when mixed in a shell or bomb after it is fired or released. This so-called binary method would make it safe to store the chemicals even near population centers. So far, the White House has vetoed the Army request for the plant.

But with Moscow's C.W. threat mounting, the Administration will probably have to start doing more. Advises Edinburgh's Erickson: "Not only must the West develop an offensive capability," but the Kremlin must be convinced that the West "knows how to use these weapons and is well prepared operationally to fire them." ■

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Burning Threat

Striking firemen in Chicago

The danger was clear, present and ominous: 90% of Chicago's firemen were on strike. How did the nation's second largest city (pop. 3.5 million) cope with the emergency? With ingenuity, a stubborn we'll-get-by persistence, a small army of willing, if hastily trained substitutes—and just plain good luck. At week's end Chicago had survived 17 days of the strike without a major disaster.

The crisis began when the Chicago Fire Fighters Union became locked in an angry, name-calling feud with strong-willed Mayor Jane Byrne. Richard Daley, her predecessor, had kept the firemen content by raising their pay without a contract until the average $22,300-a-year salary was among the highest paid to the nation's firemen. But Byrne resisted demands for a contract that would assign a six-man team to each fire truck (up from the current four or five men), cover supervisors, and include the right to strike.

Striking fire fighters endure wind and snow to air their complaints

Half the stations were closed, yet no alarm went unanswered.

On Feb. 14, all but some 400 of the city's 4,300 firemen walked off the job, the first such strike in the city's history. They set up picket lines in front of the 120 fire stations and closed down more than half. When the mayor fought back by asking for recruits, 677 signed up for duty, lured by a starting annual salary of $16,524. In addition, the city pressed into service scores of city sanitation workers to help in emergencies. The new people got only two days of instruction before taking their posts at the stations, amid the jeers of the strikers.

Despite the makeshift system, none of the average 150 alarms a day went unanswered. Fire trucks from some closed stations were consolidated with rigs at the open firehouses. Experienced chiefs, captains and other veteran nonstriking firemen supervised each task force. Police sped to the scene of fire alarms, canceling the call if it was false. On the site, the recruits usually hauled hoses while nonstriking veterans entered buildings to do the more dangerous work.

In its crisis, Chicago was helped by other factors. The relatively mild winter weather reduced the number of fires caused by temporary heating arrangements. Arsonists were reluctant to start a fire, police theorize, because under the circumstances any blaze of suspicious origins would attract unusually close scrutiny.

Even the most tragic incident during the strike might not have been averted if all hands had been on duty. When a house just half a block from a closed fire station began to burn, picketing firemen ran to the scene within seconds and helped two police officers lead people to safety. Working firemen from another station arrived within eight minutes. But an explosion sent flames into the top floor and kept rescuers at bay. The bodies of Santana Jackson, 2, and her brother Tommie, 1, were later found in the rubble.

At week's end Mayor Byrne and the firemen's union had not resolved their dispute. The jailing of the union's president, Frank Muscare, for failing to obey a back-to-work order outraged firemen, but most were eager to return to work and the union began to soften its demands. Meanwhile, Chicago was making do. The number of blazes was running slightly below average, and only three people had died from fires in the 17 days, no more than the normal rate. Said one striking fireman of the city's fortunate residents: "Mayor Daley must be looking over them." ■

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A sign of hatred and mass resistance: civilians in Kabul demonstrate against the Afghan occupation by Soviet troops

AFGHANISTAN

A Taunt: "Kill Us! Kill Us!"

Strikes, violence sweep Kabul and other cities, challenging Soviet rule

The Afghan people have a centuries-old history of resisting conquerors. Last week they turned in fury on their latest foreign overlords, totally discrediting Moscow's claim that its armed forces had invaded Afghanistan in response to popular demand. Civilian shopkeepers and government employees stretched mass protests into a six-day general strike that effectively paralyzed economic life in Kabul and six other cities. The capital was gripped by fear and suspicion after rioting and gunfire left at least 400 dead and several hundred wounded. Soviet and Afghan security forces sealed off two residential districts in Kabul and swept through them making mass arrests, especially among the country's Shi'ite Muslim minority, who were suspected of having been the wellspring of protest.

At week's end active mass resistance appeared to have been suppressed. But Soviet forces in the major cities remained on full alert as rebel leaders threatened a new round of guerrilla attacks. Rumors of an outright reign of terror, with summary executions of suspected Muslim instigators, seemed certain to compound seething popular resentment. Said a Western diplomat: "The Soviets may have succeeded in subduing the population in this first round, but that is not the end of the affair, knowing these hot-blooded Afghans." Added another: "The quagmire Moscow has created for itself is getting deeper and deeper."

The furious resistance was not a serious threat to the Soviet military occupation, but it was a devastating political humiliation for Moscow. First of all, it gave the Muslim insurgency a new dimension of credibility: the Kabul general strike demonstrated exactly the kind of organized resistance that had been conspicuously absent from the disunited guerrilla campaign the *mujahidin* (as the Muslim "holy warriors" call themselves) have been conducting in the countryside. At the same time, the civilian rage gave the lie to the Kremlin's arguments that in the name of reciprocal friendship its forces had run to the rescue of the Afghan people and their legitimate government.

The puppet government of Babrak Karmal, which the U.S.S.R. had forcibly installed at the time of the Christmas invasion, appeared to be on the verge of collapse. It was not only shown up as ineffective, it was practically invisible as well. A proclamation that imposed martial law on Kabul effectively gave ultimate civil as well as military authority to Moscow's army commander. With this tacit admission by the Soviets that they were the only real authority in the country, some diplomatic observers predicted they might also soon do away altogether with the fiction of an indigenous government and replace Karmal with a Kremlin-appointed proconsul. Karmal himself was believed to have holed up inside the Soviet embassy; even at the height of the crisis last week, he was seen only once, on television, and then only in a rerun of an agriculture program.

One possible explanation for the Karmal government's ineffectiveness was the fact that the Cabinet was riddled with dissension and palace intrigue. Despite official Afghan denials, for instance, there were persistent reports that Karmal's Vice President, Sultan Ali Kishtmand, had perhaps died in Moscow, where he was supposedly flown for medical treatment following a shootout among members of the Revolutionary Council. Another rumor, that Karmal's own younger brother and adviser Mahmoud Baryalai, had also died of bullet wounds, was squelched only after he popped up on Soviet television with assurances that "I am alive and well."

The results of the violent anti-Communist convulsion that swept the city were apparent in Kabul, cabled TIME's Pearl Marshall, one of the few Western correspondents who managed to move freely in the capital. "Soviet infantrymen with Kalashnikov automatic rifles stand guard near the door of the Inter-Conti-

Soviet helicopter flying above Kabul

Even eight-year-olds were under arrest.

nental Hotel, where most Western journalists have been confined. Soviet tanks are still deployed near public buildings and key intersections. Other armored vehicles have effectively divided the city in two by blocking the bridges across the Kabul River. It is an apparent attempt to thwart any renewed threats of attack against the Soviet embassy or the modern housing compound where many Russian families live.

"What turned a peaceful citywide protest demonstration into prolonged violence was the availability of clandestine weapons. They had been smuggled into the city during the previous four weeks, or seized in a series of insurgent raids against at least three police stations. One of these preliminary attacks, according to a Western diplomat who witnessed it, was launched by people in a housing complex uphill from a station in the Jamalmena area in the southwest part of the city. A number of the residents started shooting down at the building. As the police ran out to see what was happening, they were picked off one by one; at least five policemen were killed and 40 injured.

"Nearly everyone is acquainted with, or related to, some victim or other of the orgy of rioting and shooting that grew out of the general strike. A European businessman told me that his cook lost two members of his family in shooting incidents. A friend of his lost a close relative and saw an uncle wounded. Nearly everyone also has kin in either the police or army. Many of the injured in the old bazaar, where some of the most vicious fighting went on, literally bled to death from leg wounds; their Afghan soldier brothers had aimed low in order to maim rather than kill. In the northwest part of the city, a group of protesters wielding sticks and captured guns marched on the Kharga military barracks and urged the Afghan unit there to disband. According to witnesses, at least 200 Afghan army personnel defected and joined the throng."

Other reports said that a major battle took place near the central blue-domed Pul-i-Hesti mosque, where Muslim worshipers coursed through the streets waving Islamic banners. At least 15 students were said to have been killed when the anti-Soviet demonstrations spread to Kabul University. Hundreds of women and children were reported to have taken to the streets and taunted Afghan security forces to "Kill us! Kill us!" Radio Kabul broadcasts that urged shopkeepers and civil servants to return to their jobs also instructed parents to come to the "west entrance of Government House" to pick up the children arrested during the riots; some were as young as eight

In the mopping-up that followed, MiG 21s swooped low over the city, and helicopter gunships hovered over the rooftops to prevent new crowds from gathering. Police cars with mounted loudspeakers

Brezhnev and the Businessman

Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev is "in wonderful condition. He seemed in full control of himself, with a twinkle in his eye, a good sense of humor, but very forceful and positive." That is the report of Armand Hammer, the New York City–born, Russian-speaking chairman of Occidental Petroleum Corp., who spent nearly two hours chatting with the Soviet leader last week. Hammer, who has met Brehznev many times, went to Moscow after learning that Occidental's phosphate sales to the U.S.S.R. might be embargoed by Washington. Said he: "I wanted to ask [the Soviets] not to retaliate by cutting off Russian ammonia shipments to the U.S." Somewhat to Hammer's surprise, Brezhnev devoted much of their meeting to a lengthy analysis of the threat to détente that has followed the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. State Department officials contend that there was "nothing new" in Brezhnev's statements. In Paris, however, Hammer told TIME Correspondent Sandra Burton that he believes the Soviets are now ready to negotiate with the U.S. on a troop withdrawal from Afghanistan.

The gist of Brezhnev's message, says Hammer, was this: "If the Russians had guarantees that the U.S. and neighboring countries would exert their influence to see that there was no interference in the internal affairs of Afghanistan, and above all, if the U.S. would assure that the arms it is sending to Pakistan would be used only for defensive purposes, then the Soviet troops would be withdrawn." Most of the time Brezhnev read from a prepared text, but he broke off from time to time for more candid remarks. Said Hammer: "He felt that the accusations that the Soviets went into Afghanistan to take over the country and threaten oil routes was 'sheer nonsense.' He said that Afghanistan had always been neutral, but suddenly the Soviet Union found itself with a hostile country on its southern border. He indicated that they only went in because they were invited in 14 different times by the two previous regimes." Hammer asked the Soviet President if he had any documentation. Brezhnev turned to an aide and said, "We must have," to which Hammer replied, "It might help to publish it."

UPI—TASS

The Soviet President greeting an old friend, industrialist Armand Hammer, in Moscow

On the subject of U.S. retaliation, Hammer said, "Brezhnev was very upset at the U.S. threats but added that such pressure would not intimidate the Soviets. He seemed especially hurt by the boycott of the Olympics. But he also said that the Russians had survived this kind of cold war before, and they would continue to survive it. He belittled attempts to 'starve us,' as he put it. He said that fortunately the Soviets had their own natural resources and would simply develop them more, and that they would continue to trade with other countries. 'The only people who would suffer,' Brezhnev said, 'would be the American businessmen.' "

Defending the U.S., Hammer said he told Brezhnev that the Afghanistan invasion marked "the first time the Russians had crossed the border of a non-Warsaw Pact country, and that it was difficult for the U.S. to believe that if the Soviets could do that to a neutral country, using such great force, that they would stop in the future." Brezhnev offered no response.

toured commercial areas urging stores to reopen. Behind them along the same routes came other, private vehicles; their drivers and passengers shook their heads as a signal to the shopkeepers to ignore the appeals. Still, by week's end an estimated 85% of Kabul's shops had reopened, most government workers were reluctantly back at their jobs, and the city warily came back to life.

For the first time, Moscow publicly acknowledged that all was not well. *Pravda* admitted on its front page that Kabul was beset by "unrest" and "insurgency." In the frankest admission of all, the official news agency TASS indicated that the Karmal government was in disfavor with a large part of the population. Another surprising admission was attributed by the Italian magazine *Panorama* to a Soviet general identified as Mikhail Kirian. He publicly conceded that "in the Afghan army, there have been desertions," and that "the Afghans will have to work hard to put the army in order."

In an apparent effort to extricate itself from the international hot seat, the Kremlin launched a diplomatic campaign that contained hints of compromise. President Leonid Brezhnev, in a policy speech before a Kremlin political gathering, said Soviet troops could be withdrawn from Afghanistan if the U.S. and other offending countries offered "guarantees" that all "external aggression" would be halted.* An even more conciliatory overture appeared to come from a meeting between Brezhnev and Occidental Petroleum Corp. Chairman Armand Hammer.

For his part, President Carter declared that the U.S. would be willing to help guarantee Afghanistan's neutrality, along with other nations including the Soviet Union, if the troop withdrawal came first. The gesture came in a cable to President Josip Broz Tito of Yugoslavia; despite his grave illness, Tito had written both Carter and Brezhnev and implored them to preserve détente. The prevailing view in the Carter Administration, however, was that the Kremlin's campaign was a "propaganda exercise" aimed at dividing Western ranks and blunting Washington's anti-Soviet retaliation. Other countries, meanwhile, were getting into the peacemaking act. At week's end, with the support of the other European Community nations, Britain put forth a formal proposal to call an international conference that would negotiate Afghanistan's neutrality. ■

*Testifying before Congress last week, Defense Secretary Harold Brown said that the insurgents may well be getting arms from Pakistan. Brown refused to confirm or deny that the Central Intelligence Agency was involved in that traffic, as Moscow has charged. The Administration instead pointed out at week's end that the much publicized Soviet brigade in Cuba had resumed training exercises, a State Department spokesman said that the brigade "remains a serious source of concern to us."

Kabul Is Not Saigon

Helicopter gunships blaze away at elusive guerrillas. The army of a superpower tries to shore up an allied regime against an insurgency, but the puppet government and its military forces only grow weaker. The rebellion spreads. What was intended as a swift surgical operation begins to resemble a futile, possibly humiliating war without end.

Ever since six Soviet divisions barreled into Afghanistan —and especially since the eruption of indigenous protests against the invasion—Western analysts have been tantalized by possible parallels to the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. Says Viet Nam War Chronicler David Halberstam: "The Soviets are learning the big Viet Nam lesson, that it's easier to go into those countries than it is to get out. They will find out, just as the U.S. did, how amazingly easy it is for a little country to swallow a military machine." Says a Pentagon officer with undisguised delight: "I think it's great. It tickles me to death."

There are some striking similarities. Like the U.S., the Soviets moved in first with advisers, then felt compelled to undertake an active military role when the country was on the verge of collapse, as Viet Nam was in 1965. Just as the U.S. did with South Viet Nam's forces, the Soviets inherited a demoralized, poorly trained, desertion-prone Afghan army that has no stomach or heart for fighting the Muslim insurgents. Meanwhile, the rebels show no sign of melting away before the overwhelming firepower of Soviet tanks, artillery and supersonic fighter-bombers. The Moscow-installed government of President Babrak Karmal already appears to be as discredited as Nguyen Van Thieu ever was in Saigon. Even the explanations for the invasion that Soviet officials are giving out in Moscow have a lamely defensive, Viet Nam–era ring: "We had no choice. We had to live up to our commitments."

Some of the problems the Soviets face in Afghanistan are even more troublesome than those the U.S. tried to cope with in Viet Nam. Despite their discontents, the South Vietnamese populace did not actively rise up against the Saigon government; by contrast, it appears that the vast majority of the fierce and volatile Afghans seem to reject the Kabul regime. Edmund Stillman, a strategic analyst who is the director of a Paris-based think tank, the Hudson Institute, points out that Afghanistan is in roughly the same category of population as South Viet Nam (approximately 16 million, *vs.* 12 million) but is four times larger in surface area. "If South Viet Nam could not be held by 1 million local forces plus 540,000 U.S. troops," Stillman says, "it is hardly credible that a vastly larger Afghanistan can be pacified by a dubiously loyal army of 40,000 and a mere 100,000 Soviets." He also believes that Moscow's forces—like America's in Viet Nam—face a problem of technological overkill: "What are they going to do, napalm nomad tents?"

For all the similarities, however, there are significant, perhaps crucial, differences. First, the logistical equation is almost exactly reversed; the Soviets are operating across an adjoining land border, not across 7,000 miles of ocean. In the Afghanistan war, it is the insurgents who are to a degree stranded, cut off from sources of support. Second, unlike the Viet Cong, the Afghan rebels are lightly armed and disunited, with neither a Ho Chi Minh to galvanize them ideologically nor anything like the North Vietnamese army to back them up militarily. Finally, there is a quantum difference on the home front: no network TV news brings the bloody facts of the war home to the average Soviet citizen, there are no antiwar movements on Soviet campuses, no antidraft demonstrations, no domestic public opinion to limit the options of the leadership.

"Do I imagine it?—Or do they all look like Ho Chi Minh?"

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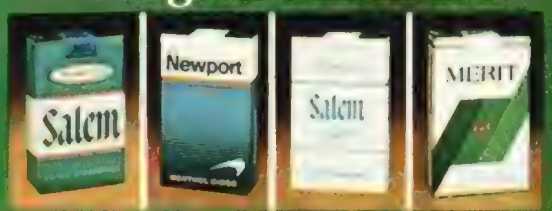

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PAKISTAN

A Province with Problems

Baluchistan has angry nomads who cross a "silent border"

The Pakistani province of Baluchistan, roughly the size of Montana or Finland, has long been considered a target of opportunity for the Soviet Union. Nestled next to Iran and Afghanistan, both of which have large Baluchi populations, the province has a 471-mile-long coast on the Arabian Sea. Gwadar, its principal port, sits at the entrance to the Persian Gulf and the oil lanes to the West. Moscow's intervention in Afghanistan has renewed fears of Soviet subversion in the province, where disaffected separatists have long been agitating for regional autonomy. TIME *New Delhi Bureau Chief Marcia Gauger last week visited Baluchistan. Her report:*

One sign of spring in Baluchistan's provincial capital of Quetta, as sure as the white blossoms bursting in the groves of almond trees, is the procession of caravans making its way up from the south. Through the 60-mile Bolan Pass in the Brahui mountains they come, nomadic families with their camels, sheep, donkeys, the beasts of burden laden with all their possessions. They march by day and camp at sundown while the animals graze on the stony, barren soil. Many will settle around Quetta for the summer: raising sheep, taking day jobs weeding the cultivated fields in the area.

The nomadic Brahuis are among 60 tribes in Baluchistan. The Baluchi tribes constitute about half of the province's 2.5 million people. Roughly 40% of the rest are Pathans; the remainder are "settlers," as residents from Pakistan's other provinces are called. For more than a century, the policy of ruling governments has been to divide and disperse the tribespeople. In the late 19th century, when London ruled all of the area that is today India, Pakistan and Bangladesh, the British pursued what was described as a "forward policy" in order to expand Britain's frontiers and sphere of influence against tsarist Russia's pressure from the north. The British drew the lines that still form the 1,900-mile border of Pakistan, Iran and Afghanistan.

As a result, there are now 1 million Baluchis in Iran and 300,000 in Afghanistan, kin to the 1.25 million Baluchis in Pakistan. They are allowed to move back and forth across the border at will, with no passports, visas, checkpoints or customs to impede them. The Pakistan government has made no attempt to close what has come to be called the "silent border" with Afghanistan and Iran. To do so would invite an insurrection as bloody as the one that engulfed Baluchistan between 1973 and 1977, when the late Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto sought to impose the central government's authority on the province. That conflict cost the lives of 3,300 Pakistani soldiers and at least 5,300 Baluchi guerrillas. When General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq overthrew Bhutto in 1977, he declared an amnesty and released political prisoners.

Those conciliatory gestures have not satisfied the tribal chiefs, who have virtually total control over their people, including their political affiliation. "Just because it is quiet does not mean all is well," says Akbar Khan Bugti, whose imposing tribal title is Nawab of the Bugti. "We have been beaten into being quiet for a time, but wait. There is no love lost between the Baluchis and their masters." The Baluchis feel that they have never had a fair deal and are still not getting one. Punjabis control 90% of Pakistan's bureaucracy and hold all key government posts in the province. The Baluchis also believe that they do not get a fair return for their economic resources. All of the province's natural gas is piped to Pakistan's major cities; Baluchistan nets $25.9 million annually in revenues from the sales, but then it has to repurchase its own gas from Karachi.

The province's problems have been compounded by a flow of refugees from Afghanistan. Some 90,000 are already settled in 30 camps. The leader of one such camp, Nazar Hussain, says that food and shelter are not enough. He insists that the international community "must realize its responsibility" and provide weapons to the rebels. Says Nazar: "If the [nations supporting the rebels] want anything done, they should hurry up. We are ready to sacrifice our lives for liberty." But others fear that the weapons would be sold to young Baluchi tribesmen who openly support the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. They could become a kind of fifth column inside Pakistan.

Baluchi elders, strict Muslims who abhor atheistic Marxism, are opposed to American military aid for Pakistan, which they believe could be used by the central government against them. Says the Nawab of Bugti: "For us, Russia and America are equally bad. U.S. aid would go to bolster a very unpopular regime. The Zia government is the most unpopular regime since the beginning of Pakistan." Yahya Bakhtiar is a former Pakistani attorney general who was defense counsel at Bhutto's murder conspiracy trial. Bakhtiar, who is a native of Baluchistan, insists that to many Pakistanis the banishment of Soviet Dissident Andrei Sakharov does not seem as harsh as Zia's treatment of Bhutto's widow and daughter, who have been held in detention off and on for two years without being allowed to see anyone. "People are disappointed with the Western powers for supporting dictators," says Bakhtiar. "I used to be against the Communists, but I have nothing to say to people now. We see no hope." ■

Baluchi tribesmen waiting to meet with President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq

"Just because it is quiet doesn't mean all is well."

IRAN

Another Delay for the Hostages

Worries about the collapse of a "gentleman's agreement"

"There was too much optimism two weeks ago, and there is too much gloom now. Reality is somewhere in between." So said a Western diplomat in Tehran last week, reflecting on agonizing new uncertainties about the fate of the 50 Americans held hostage by militants occupying the U.S. embassy and the three at the Foreign Ministry. A United Nations commission, named to study allegations against the deposed Shah and his regime, began hearing witnesses in the Iranian capital. In approving the commission, the U.S. had assumed that Iran, as its part of a "gentleman's agreement," would arrange for early release of the Americans

Those expectations appeared to be dashed when President Abolhassan Banisadr said that the two issues were not related. Then last week the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini announced that the hostages' release would have to be decided by the country's new Majlis (National Assembly), which will be elected later this month and convene on April 7. At week's end the militants apparently agreed that the U.N. commission members would be able to meet the hostages—but when and under what circumstances were not clear

What had gone wrong? Had the Iranians reneged on a commitment in order to further humiliate and punish the U.S.? Had U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, who handled much of the negotiations, promised Washington more than Tehran was prepared to deliver? The most plausible explanation was that the murky internal politics of Tehran were responsible. Both Banisadr, who has advocated release of the hostages since his election in January, and the militants at the embassy had been pressing Khomeini for a decision. Government insiders in Tehran contend that the Ayatullah could not afford to favor either side. If he instructed the militants to release their captives, he would lose face: until a month ago he had defended the hostage taking. If he sided with the militants, he would drastically undercut Banisadr and his attempts to fashion a stable government. Said a Western diplomat: "To look at the bright side, Khomeini is in effect telling the students it is not their business to decide the fate of the hostages."

Throwing the decision into the hands of parliament will probably put off the hostages' release for at least a month. Privately, some American diplomats feared that the deal had fallen through. But the official U.S. posture, as one State Department expert put it, was that "everything that was supposed to happen is happening." In a press conference last week, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance insisted once again that "the commission's mission is twofold: to hear the Iranian grievances and also to bring about the speedy release of the hostages and thus bring an end to the crisis."

One mildly hopeful sign was an announcement from Tehran last week that the ban on American journalists had been lifted. At week's end no U.S. correspondents had been granted visas to enter Iran. Still, one Western diplomat interpreted the announcement to mean "preparations are being made for the release of the hostages—a task that is much more complicated than was thought immediately after Banisadr's election."

The five-member blue-ribbon commission* meanwhile spent a busy and sometimes harrowing week in Tehran collecting information and hearing allegations against the ousted Shah and SAVAK, his secret police. In compliance with Banisadr's instructions, government departments hurried to gather whatever documents they could about the previous regime's corruption, atrocities and violations of human rights. Central Bank Governor Ali Reza Nobari presented the panel with documents that apparently supported the government's charge that the Pahlavi family plundered more than $56 billion from public funds. The present government wants this "stolen wealth" returned to Iran

Algeria's Mohammed Bedjaoui talks with victims of SAVAK torture

The commission's conclusion: "A most painful experience of human suffering."

The commission spent two days meeting and talking with many of the 1,700 victims of the Shah's regime who appeared before them. Some of the witnesses bore gruesome scars from torture, amputated limbs and empty eye sockets. Others carried pictures of young children who had been shot dead by the Shah's troops during demonstrations. Concluded the commission in its communiqué to U.N. headquarters in New York City: "A most painful experience of human suffering." On another day the panel visited Behesht Zahra Cemetery, where thousands of those killed during the revolution are buried; as Waldheim had been on his visit to Tehran in January, the commission members were nearly mobbed by throngs of grieving and angry demonstrators, who pounded their autos and cried, "Death to the Shah!"

The panel was originally expected to complete its work this week, although the deadline may be extended. New documents and evidence will take time to study. Moreover, the commission has vowed that "it will not consider this mission finished until the hostages are seen." Until then, Administration officials—and worried relatives of the hostages—could only watch and wait, hoping that the Iranians would still live up to their bargain. ■

*The envoys: Venezuela's Andres Aguilar Mawdsley, a former Ambassador to the U.S. and the U.N.; Algerian Chief U.N. Delegate Mohammed Bedjaoui; Syrian Diplomat Adib Daoudy; Sri Lankan Lawyer Hector Wilfred Jayawardene; and French Human Rights Activist Louis-Edmond Pettiti

TERRORISTS

More Violence Against Diplomats

Colombian leftists seize 15 ambassadors for ransom

Clad in green sweatsuits and clutching gym bags, a group of young men and women nonchalantly kicked a soccer ball outside the gates of the Dominican Republic's embassy in Bogotá, Colombia. Inside the compound, Ambassador Diógenes Mallol was entertaining fellow members of the diplomatic corps in celebration of his country's independence day. Around noon, U.S. Ambassador Diego C. Asencio, 48, a Spanish-born career diplomat, said his farewells. Just as he was moving toward his armored Chrysler Imperial limousine, the soccer players pulled automatic weapons from their gym bags and blasted their way through the embassy gates. After a two-hour gun battle with police and bodyguards, the bogus athletes were masters of the compound. One attacker lay dead and at least five other people were wounded, including two policemen.

Among the estimated 50 hostages were Asencio and 14 other ambassadors, including those of Uruguay, Austria, Switzerland, Israel, Egypt, Mexico, Haiti, Brazil and the Vatican. The terrorists identified themselves as members of the April 19 Movement, or M-19, one of the most active of Colombia's half-dozen guerrilla groups. Their demands: a $50 million ransom, publication of their revolutionary manifestoes and the release of all political prisoners, many of whom are M-19 members facing trial by court-martial on charges ranging from armed robbery to kidnaping and murder.

A guerrilla spokesman, calling himself "Commandante Número Uno," warned that the terrorists would begin "executing the hostages as a security measure" if soldiers and riot police near the embassy compound were not withdrawn by the Colombian government. After several sporadic exchanges of gunfire, the shooting quieted down, and both sides settled in for what could become a long siege. Vowed the self-styled commandante: "We're prepared to stay here one or two months if necessary."

For some of the captives, the wait was not that long. Preliminary negotiations led to the release of 13 hostages, including the wounded Paraguayan chargé d'affaires Rafael Vélez Pareja and ten women. Looking pale and distraught, some of them clad in elegant spike heels and furs, the women were whisked away from the scene in government cars. Also removed was the body of a 19-year-old guerrilla shot by Asencio's bodyguard during the seizure. He was still wearing his green sweatsuit, a black kerchief covering his face.

In exchange, Colombian Red Cross volunteers carted 20 crates of food and supplies into the embassy compound and sent in doctors to treat a wounded woman guerrilla. At week's end the remaining five women hostages were freed by the terrorists. The way was thus paved for negotiations over the release of the hostages left behind.

Even by the peculiar standards of contemporary terrorism, M-19 stands out as a bizarre and incoherent group. It began in 1970 as a rightist movement supporting former Military Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, who ruled Colombia from 1953 to 1957. The strongly nationalist organization gradually incorporated leftists; its current ranks, according to a U.S. intelligence report, include Castroite, Guevarist, Maoist and Trotskyite revolutionaries.

Despite their ideological fuzziness, the M-19 guerrillas have shown a talent for spectacular, publicity-grabbing exploits. They first gained national attention in 1974 by stealing the sword and spurs of Liberator Simón Bolívar from a Bogotá museum, claiming them for "the people who struggle for freedom." They have occasionally posed as Robin Hood–style benefactors, hijacking milk trucks and distributing their contents in the poor quarters of the crowded capital. More characteristic are their kidnapings and assassinations, including the ruthless murder of anti-Communist Labor Leader José Mercado Martínez in 1976. In their most daring feat, they tunneled into an army munitions depot and made off with 5,700 weapons in January 1979. Almost all the arms were recovered last year in a government crackdown that resulted in the arrest of more than 400 suspected M-19 members.

When word of the seizure reached him in Washington, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance responded with one of the angriest statements of his diplomatic career. Said Vance: "This despicable and dishonorable act is another example of terrorist violence against accredited foreign personnel. It cannot be excused or condoned."

But the incident in Bogotá was only the latest in a long series of embassy seizures and assaults on diplomats throughout the world. While international attention has focused on the Iranian militants' occupation of the U.S. embassy in Tehran, there have been a dozen embassy seizures in Latin America alone since Jan. 1. Worldwide, there have been 25 serious attacks on diplomatic property and personnel in the past year, including the assassination of U.S. Ambassador to Afghanistan Adolph Dubs by rightist Muslim terrorists in February 1979. The ancient principle of diplomatic immunity seems in danger of breaking down entirely —a victim of an age in which unprincipled terrorism is now all but taken for granted.

Ambassador Asencio peers through a window as women hostages leave the besieged embassy

The principle of diplomatic immunity seemed in danger of breaking down entirely.

■ ■ ■

Even as the vigil continued in Bogotá, leftist students in Panama stormed the Salvadoran embassy and seized six hostages; three hours later, they ended their occupation. The reason for the short-lived attack: a protest against political repression in El Salvador, where the civilian-military junta has been under intense criticism from both left and right. Fearing an imminent right-wing coup against the reform-minded junta, the State Department last week sternly warned rightist elements in the military and landholding oligarchy against any grab for power. Said one senior U.S. official: "We think the message has come through." ■

CAMBODIA

A Plea for International Support

Khmer Rouge Leader Khieu Samphan gives a rare interview

The Khmer Rouge Communists were driven out of Phnom-Penh in January 1979 by the superior firepower of invading Vietnamese armies. Since then, from camps in remote jungle areas, they have carried on a bitter struggle against their ancient ethnic enemies. Last week the Khmer Rouge—perhaps the world's most secretive and xenophobic Marxists—allowed a small group of Western journalists, including TIME Hong Kong Bureau Chief Marsh Clark, to visit one of their bases inside Cambodia. Anxious to placate world opinion, which was appalled by reports that they had slaughtered millions of their own people, the Khmer Rouge produced their most articulate leader, President and Premier Khieu Samphan, 48. His confident if ominous message: the guerrillas will fight a protracted "people's war" against the Vietnamese and will eventually prevail.

Samphan's doctoral dissertation, written in Paris in the 1950s, provided the ideological basis for some of the Khmer Rouge's most radical policies, like Cambodia's complete withdrawal from the world economy. Three months ago, he became supreme leader of Democratic Kampuchea (as the Khmer Rouge call Cambodia), succeeding notorious ex-Premier Pol Pot, who nonetheless still commands the guerrilla army. In a lengthy statement to visiting journalists, Samphan claimed that the Khmer Rouge has a fighting force of 50,000, a figure that is far in excess of most Western estimates. He called for unity among Cambodians of all political beliefs in order to drive out the invaders. In striking contrast to the fanatical rigidity of past Khmer Rouge pronouncements, Samphan even proposed a coalition government that might include Prince Norodom Sihanouk and Heng Samrin, who heads the Hanoi-backed government in Phnom-Penh. Then, Samphan said, an election supervised by the U.N. could help to determine the new leadership of Cambodia.

Samphan also granted an exclusive interview to Clark, the first he has given since he became Premier. Composed, almost serene, Samphan sat at a table beneath a canopy of banyan trees as silent Khmer Rouge soldiers stood guard. Excerpts from the 90-minute conversation:

Q. Do you feel that your government made mistakes during the four years that the Khmer Rouge held power in Phnom-Penh?

A. After our war [against the pro-Western Lon Nol government], we had to face many complicated problems. But we had one major achievement: we solved the food problem for our people. Of course, there were some shortcomings. Even our cadres [Communist officials] had their shortcomings

Q. Various estimates have been made of the number of people who were killed while you were in power in Phnom-Penh. How many people were executed?

A. We never engaged in mass killings. There was no reason for us to carry out this so-called genocide. Some people say we killed more than 3 million. That is not true

Premier Samphan at base camp

Determined to fight a protracted war.

Q. How many people were eliminated when you made your revolution?

A. All I can say is that the number was not more than 10,000

Q. So you are saying that the almost unanimous testimony of refugees in Thailand and that of other witnesses is incorrect?

A. They are not correct. Very few people were against us. That is why we have succeeded in conducting our people's war against the Vietnamese invaders for the past year. We could not have done this unless we had had the support of the people. About those executions: that is in the past.

Q. If your government regains control of Kampuchea, would you do things differently than you did before?

A. If we succeed in defeating the Vietnamese, we will use currency, we will permit more freedom of movement by our citizens. People will be free to practice religion.

Q. Another of your policies was the removal of people from the cities. When and if you come back to power, will you force people to leave Phnom-Penh and other cities?

A. If we return to power, we will not pursue this policy.

Q. Do you have any evidence to support your claim that the Vietnamese are using toxic gas against you?

A. We are trying to find evidence to present to the world. We have already started to provide proof to the International Red Cross

Q. What will happen to the Cambodian refugees in Thailand?

A. These are people who are fleeing from the Vietnamese aggressor. When the situation is peaceful and stable, then they will come back. The policy of Democratic Kampuchea is to take back these refugees, and we have done so.

Q. Does that include non-Communists?

A. We will welcome any person who is willing to come back, because, as you know, the problem we face is the survival of our race.

Q. What is your country's population? Some people think there may have been as many as 8 million Cambodians in 1975. Do you have any idea how many are still alive?

A. We do not know anything definite, but there have been no fewer than 2 million victims of the Vietnamese. If we don't succeed in stopping the Vietnamese, then extermination will occur. At present, our people are dying every day. In every village, five or six people die each day.

Q. Of starvation?

A. Yes. In some villages of about a thousand houses, only 50 or 60 are inhabited now. All the other inhabitants have either been killed by Vietnamese weapons or have died of starvation.

Q. To what extent are international relief food supplies getting through to the Cambodian people?

A. I wish to tell you that the relief supplies being sent in through Kompong Som and Phnom-Penh never reach the Cambodian people. The Vietnamese have

PONTIAC TAKES ON THE IMPORTS

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Pontiac Firebird rates 20 *EPA EST MPG* while Mazda RX 7 "S" offers only 16 *EPA EST MPG*. Multiply Firebird's 20 *EPA EST. MPG* by its 21 gallon fuel tank, and you'll see Firebird has an estimated range of 420 miles. Mazda RX 7 "S" has a fuel capacity of 14.5 gallons, giving it an estimated range of only 232 miles. Remember: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Firebird mileage and range lower in California — Mazda's are the same.

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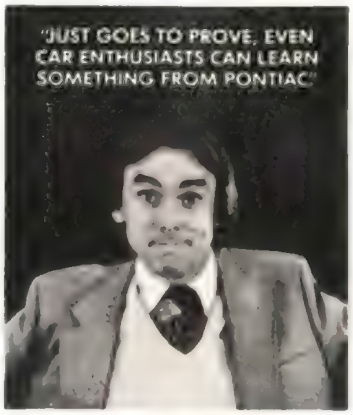

FIREBIRD HAS LOWER ANNUAL FUEL COSTS.

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not distributed relief supplies. At the same time, they continue to plunder and to destroy the means of food production that the people have managed to achieve. That's why we appeal to all international organizations to prevent the Vietnamese from taking this aid and to send their personnel to supervise its distribution.

Q. The relief organizations say that some aid is getting through.

A. The Vietnamese distribute the aid in front of the personnel of the international organizatons and then later they come back and collect all the aid and give it to their own troops.

Q. There have been many travelers to Cambodia who say there is not a single provincial capital where your flag is flying. How much of Kampuchea do you control?

A. During the rainy season last year, we estimated that one-fourth of the country was under our control and one-fourth under Vietnamese control. The rest was contested. Since then, the Vietnamese have made some breakthroughs into our areas, but we have made some breakthroughs into theirs. The most important thing is that our areas of control are now spread widely across the whole country.

Q. You have said that you are killing 200 Vietnamese soldiers every day. How many soldiers are you losing?

A. From December 1978 to May 1979, when we were waging conventional war against the Vietnamese with large forces, casualties were heavy on both sides. During that period we suffered about 30,000 casualties. But from May 1979 up to now, we have been carrying out guerrilla tactics. Casualties have been minimized. We have lost about 2,000 in that period.

Q. You say you want the international community to try putting pressure on Viet Nam to get out of Kampuchea. The Vietnamese have stated repeatedly that their course is "irreversible." So aren't you faced with a protracted war?

A. The Vietnamese say their course is irreversible because they are trying to encourage their troops, whose morale is very low. But the fighting is such that it is obvious that the Vietnamese face many difficulties. The international community has condemned Viet Nam for its invasion. The Vietnamese are begging for international aid to help them in their aggression because Viet Nam itself does not have a strong economic base. While we are fighting the Vietnamese on the battlefield, if the international community could put pressure on Viet Nam—diplomatic, economic pressure by cutting off all aid—then we could force Viet Nam to withdraw its army. ■

CHINA

Resurrection from the Dustbin

Deng's triumph includes a purge of some old enemies

"Sweep the great renegade of the working class onto the garbage heap!"

"Sweep him into the dustbin of history!"

Those slogans, chanted by Red Guards as they paraded down the streets of Peking in 1967, signaled the downfall of China's pragmatic chief of state Liu Shaoqi (Liu Shao-ch'i); Chairman Mao Tse-tung, who regarded Liu as a rival for power, had deemed him to be the nation's chief enemy. Last week the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, meeting secretly in Peking, reversed Mao's verdict and effectively rewrote the past 13 years of Chinese history.

In an official communiqué issued after a week of deliberations, the 201-member committee declared that the labels of "renegade, traitor and scab," attached to Liu by a 1968 Central Committee resolution, were now invalid. Liu, who reportedly died in disgrace in 1969, would henceforth be regarded as "a great Marxist, proletarian revolutionary and one of the principal leaders of the party and state."

The posthumous rehabilitation of Liu was another triumph for one of his closest allies—China's all-powerful Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping. Nor was that all. The Central Committee announced the resignation from the Politburo of four radical holdovers from the Maoist era who had participated in the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution campaign against Liu and Deng. Purged were Wang Dongxing, Mao's former bodyguard, Vice Premiers Chen Xilian and Ji Dengkui, and Wu De, a former mayor of Peking.

There was a neat, and perhaps inevitable, symmetry to the party decisions. Although hardly a liberal, Liu was a pragmatic bureaucrat who, unlike Mao, was willing to sacrifice ideological purity for the sake of economic development. Liu's posthumous rehabilitation thus completed the return to power of bureaucrats like Deng who were purged by Mao. At the same time, the removal of Deng's four chief enemies in the Politburo presumably gives him more freedom to install a new leadership team that will carry out his policies, now as well as after his death.

The Central Committee also reconstituted the Communist Party Secretariat that had been dissolved during the Cultural Revolution. Many analysts believe that the Secretariat will soon become a key decision-making authority within the Politburo. Its new head, Hu Yaobang, is one of Deng's key allies. The Central Committee also elevated Hu and another Deng protégé, Zhao Ziyang, to the powerful Standing Committee of the Politburo. Zhao, 61, is considered to be a rising star in Chinese politics and a potential successor to Deng.

The Central Committee also moved to enforce the discipline that Deng believes is necessary to carry out China's ambitious modernization programs. Eliminated from China's constitution was one of its key guarantees, the so-called Four Greats: "the right to speak out freely, air views fully, hold great debates and write big character posters." That decision is bound to inhibit any revival of the democracy movement that flowered in Peking last year. No longer will dissidents be able to attack authorities with the posters that, ironically, flourished during the Cultural Revolution—an era that Deng last week swept into the dustbin of history. ■

Rising star in the new Politburo, Zhao Ziyang

Chief of State Liu Shaoqi before his fall

Power for bureaucrats purged by Mao and rehabilitation for one who died in disgrace

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Lord Kelvin, the eminent nineteenth century physicist, once predicted: "X-rays will prove to be a hoax"; "Aircraft flight is impossible"; and "Radio has no future."

Octave Chanute, an aviation pioneer said in 1904: "The [flying] machines will eventually be fast, they will be used in sport, but they are not to be thought of as commercial carriers."

Henry L. Ellsworth, U.S. Commissioner of Patents in 1844, a man who should have known better, said: "The advancement of the arts [of invention] from year to year...seems to presage the arrival of that period when further improvement must end."

In a comment on this kind of "technological pessimism," science writer Arthur C. Clarke, in *Profiles of the Future*, said: "When a distinguished but elderly scientist states that something is possible, he is almost certainly right. When he states that something is impossible, he is very probably wrong."

Obviously, we can't leave The Future *just* to the experts. As intelligent and well-informed as they are, they are not infallible.

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In magazine pages like this, we will continue to look at some of the major issues that can affect us all in the years to come.

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If you agree that The Future consists of a variety of alternatives, that choice is unavoidable and that refusing to choose is itself a choice, you have taken the first step toward a more active role in your own future. You can learn more by sending for a free brochure about the critical issues we face in The Future and a bibliography for further reading. Write:
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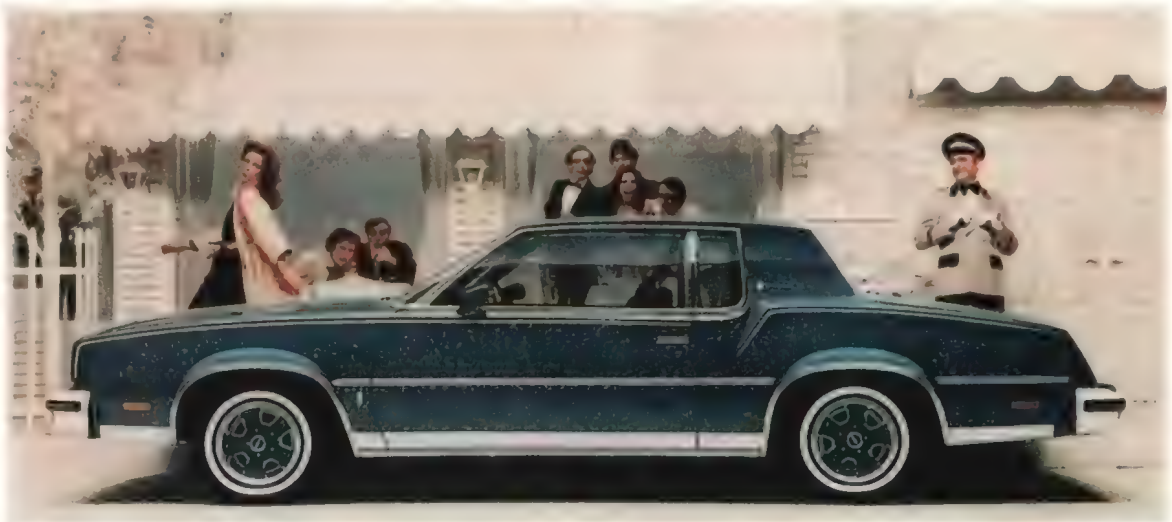
THERE'S MORE TO CUTLASS SUPREME THAN MEETS THE EYE.



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V6 ENGINE

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DIESEL ENGINE

22 EPA Est. MPG | 34 Hwy Est. MPG

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Egypt's Ambassador Mortada (left) greets Israel's Ben Elissar at Ben Gurion Airport

MIDDLE EAST

Warm Welcomes

But some problems remain

"Today we closed the cycle of hostility, opening the chapter of blooming peace." So ended President Yitzhak Navon's welcoming speech to Saad Mortada, 57, Egypt's first Ambassador to Israel. A mood of lighthearted camaraderie followed the formal red-carpet ceremony as the two men joked and chatted together in Arabic. Before they parted company, hearty salvos of laughter were echoing through the main hall of Navon's official residence in Jerusalem. Mortada was so besieged with requests for interviews and invitations to dinner that he asked, "Does every new ambassador get this treatment?"

In Cairo, meanwhile, Israeli Ambassador Eliahu Ben Elissar, 48, bounded up the steps of Abdin Palace to present his credentials—along with those of new envoys of two other nations—to Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. After an honor guard played the national anthems of Israel and Egypt, Sadat warmly shook hands with the bearded Israeli Ambassador and applauded the two countries' "determination to live together in peace and harmony." Ben Elissar both startled and pleased Sadat by asking his permission to place a wreath at a memorial to Egypt's unknown soldier.

Throughout the Arab world, last week's historic exchange of ambassadors —who accidentally met at Tel Aviv's Ben Gurion Airport as they were moving to their new posts—prompted a flurry of symbolic protests. These ranged from scattered demonstrations and Israeli flag burnings in Cairo to noontime traffic stoppages in Syria and general strikes among the Muslim populations of Beirut, the West Bank and Gaza. Even such moderate Arab states as the Sudan and Saudi Arabia expressed their displeasure, while spokesmen for the Palestine Liberation Organization blasted Sadat and the Camp David agreement that led to the normalization of relations between Egypt and Israel.

The expressions of official good will scarcely hid the mutual suspicions that still threaten to disturb the new official peace between Egypt and Israel. Even last week there were ruffled feelings over Washington's announcement that it would furnish Cairo with an impressive array of sophisticated weapons, including 40 F-16 fighter jets and 250 M-60 tanks. The U.S. also agreed in principle to sell Egypt an unspecified number of F-15s, the most advanced fighters in the West's arsenal.

The promised access to the F-15s was hailed by the Egyptians as proof of their "equal footing" with Israel as faithful allies of the U.S. in the Middle East. In addition to asking Congress to approve this military aid package, involving $4 billion in credits over the next five years, the Carter Administration plans to propose an extra $200 million in aid to help Cairo finance the weaponry.

The announcement of the arms agreement prompted Israeli Premier Menachem Begin to voice reservations about "the quantity and quality of these arms." He seemed especially concerned about the F-15s. The Israelis clearly feared that such advanced weaponry could be used against them should Sadat ever be ousted from power and Egypt revert to an anti-Israeli stance.

Upset by Begin's apprehensions, the Egyptian Cabinet expressed "astonishment at [his] strange statements." Complained Sadat: "I don't understand why there should be criticism of weapons supplies to Egypt after we have built the monument to peace." But Sadat discreetly withdrew his request for the F-15s after U.S. Assistant Secretary of Defense David McGiffert convinced him last week that the plane's high price tag would eat up too much of the aid package.

The arms deal was concluded just as American, Egyptian and Israeli negotiators were preparing to meet at The Hague for the tenth round of talks on the future status of the West Bank and Gaza Palestinians. In a terse communiqué following the two-day meeting, U.S. Middle East Ambassador Sol Linowitz joined Egyptian Prime Minister Mustafa Khalil and Israeli Interior Minister Yosef Burg in declaring ambiguously that "the heart of the matter" had been reached. The participants agreed to meet again in Cairo at the end of March in hopes of resolving some of the substantive differences between Jerusalem and Cairo on Palestinian autonomy.

At the United Nations, the U.S. late last week joined in a unanimous vote by the Security Council to adopt a resolution calling on Israel to dismantle its settlements on occupied Arab land. The resolution was introduced after the Israeli Cabinet announced plans to expand Jewish settlements on the West Bank. Said U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Donald F. McHenry of his vote: "We regard settlements in the occupied territories as illegal under international law and an obstacle to a successful outcome to the current negotiations." ■

ISRAEL

Shekelization

Old name for a new currency

Israelis last week got a new currency with a very old name. The shekel, originally a weight used by Jews in biblical times to measure gold and silver, replaced the pound, which has depreciated rapidly because of the country's 111% annual rate of inflation. The monetary rate of exchange: ten old pounds for one shekel, which is worth 25 U.S. cents

Shekels old (top) and new

Finance Minister Yigael Hurvitz called the currency changeover a "mere technicality," but it was clearly more than that. Psychologically, the government hoped, the introduction of a new and more valuable currency would curb the profligate habits of Israelis,

who are accustomed to spending their pounds freely. Emotionally, the government hoped, naming the new currency after the ancient Jewish coin would appeal to the Israelis' sense of history. According to *Genesis 23: 2-19*, Abraham paid 400 shekels to buy a burial site in Hebron for his wife Sarah. In Roman times the shekel was not only a coin but a symbol of Jewish sovereignty. In modern times the World Zionist Congress, for example, liked to refer to its annual levy on members as a shekel.

Confusion rather than confidence greeted the changeover, which was actually authorized by the Knesset as far back as 1969. Fearful that the new shekels would depreciate as rapidly as the old pounds, Israelis rejected Hurvitz's pleas not to embark on "a buying spree" and converged on Arab money-changers in Israel to convert the new currency into American dollars, British sterling and even Jordanian dinars.

Chaos is likely to continue for a while. For one thing, the old pounds will continue in circulation for three more months. For another, the new currency is almost indistinguishable from the old. Israelis riding the underground cable car in Haifa immediately took advantage of the similarities. They discovered that the new 1-agora coin (one-hundredth of a shekel) fit into a turnstile slot designed to take 6-pound tokens. They happily rode the cable car at one-sixtieth of the former cost until authorities changed the size of the slot. ■

FRANCE

Croupier Capers

Letting the chips fall

As roulette wheels spun and players began placing their bets at the lakeside Annecy casino in southeastern France, a plainclothes police inspector tapped the casino director on the shoulder. "A message has come from Paris, monsieur," he said. "Your establishment must close within two hours." Before the night was over, France's gambling police had arrested 14 croupiers and charged them with stealing $700,000 from the casino in the past year.

Annecy was the eleventh French casino to be raided and the seventh to be closed in the past two years. Police are seeking to halt a croupier crime wave that has robbed French gambling palaces of uncounted millions and besmirched France's longtime reputation for honest dealing at the roulette wheel. As gambling police explained it, the once honorable profession of croupier, traditionally passed on from father to son, has been taken over by organized crime. Even France's major croupier school has been infiltrated by gangsters. Croupier school graduates figured prominently among the 20 dealers who were tried in 1978 for a $300,000 robbery that shut down the Ruhl casino in Nice.

The croupiers' most common method of stealing from casino management is almost as old as roulette, which was supposedly invented by Philosopher Blaise Pascal in 1655. A crooked croupier merely palms a $100 chip or two from the stacks of losers' chips that he rakes to the side of the roulette layout after each turn of the wheel. Since the croupiers' dinner jacket pockets are traditionally stitched shut to prevent just such finagling, nimble-fingered dealers tuck stolen chips inside their shirts or cuffs.

At intervals during the play, the croupier passes the stolen chips to an accomplice, known as a baron, who masquerades as an ordinary player. At the Dieppe casino, barons cashed in $600,000 worth of purloined chips before the fraud was discovered; 23 croupiers were arrested there last September. Said one Dieppe employee: "The croupiers could have swiped

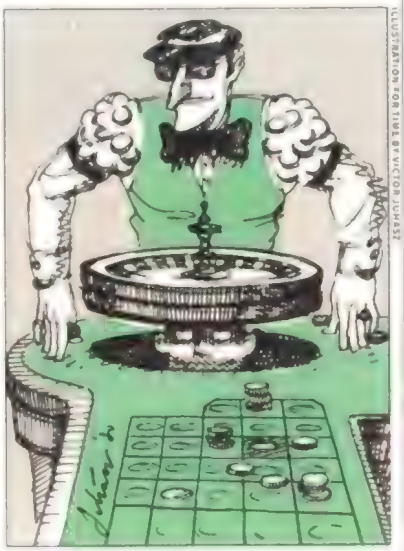

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY VICTOR JUHASZ

the chandeliers from the casino if they had wanted to."

In some cases, roulette wheels were rigged to improve the odds for gamblers working with crooked croupiers. A favorite method involved padding the canoes, the individual pockets into which the spinning ball falls. Rubber pads were fitted under five or six of the felt-lined pockets. The added height caused the ball to miss the padded canoes, thus weighing the odds heavily in favor of the barons. A similar effect was achieved by tampering with the *ailettes*, or partitions between the pockets.

Commissioner Roger Saunier, who heads the Ministry of the Interior's gambling police, hopes that the jailing of the 60 croupiers now awaiting trial will have a deterrent effect on future croupier capers. If not, the centuries-old call of the croupier, *"Rien ne va plus!"* (No more bets!), that rings out as the spinning wheel comes toward its heart-stopping halt, may prove to be the death knell of the French casino industry. ■

Milestones

DIED. Yigal Allon, 61, commander of Israel's combat forces in the 1948 war of independence, member of the Knesset since 1954, and a hawkish voice in several Labor Party Cabinets; of a heart attack; in Asulla, Israel. Allon took tough stands on defense matters but sought a moderate, long-range solution to the Middle East conflict. Thus, the "Allon Plan" of 1967 called for Israeli withdrawal from the populated areas of the occupied West Bank and other compromises. He also hailed Egypt's 1977 peace overture to Jerusalem as "a historic chance," though he later became one of the few Knesset opponents of the Camp David accords. Said he: "They endanger Israel's security."

DIED. Robert E. Hayden, 66, Detroit-born poet and University of Michigan English professor, who in 1976 became the first black to be appointed consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress; of a heart attack; in Ann Arbor, Mich. Hayden's work evoked a heroic sense of the black American past, whether his subject was a powerful personality like Frederick Douglass, the Motor City ghetto of his youth or such physical relics of slavery as the old factory he describes in his 1979 volume *American Journal*: "[In] the tidy ruins of a sugar mill./ More than cane was crushed. But I am tired today of history, its patina'd clichés of endless evil."

DIED. Willard D. Voit, 69, Los Angeles rubber magnate who turned a struggling company into one of the world's leading manufacturers of inflatable balls; of lung cancer; in Newport Beach, Calif. Though it was Voit's father William who expanded his tire-retread operation into ball manufacturing in the 1920s, it was Willard, company president from 1946 to 1960, who promoted the rubber revolution in athletics. His argument that rubber balls cost less, last longer, retain their shape better and are more water-repellent than their leather counterparts won over U.S. football, soccer and basketball coaches—and brought him $3.9 million in 1957, when he sold the firm to AMF Inc.

DIED. Alexander Brook, 81, American painter; of a heart attack; in Sag Harbor, N.Y. Ignoring the later popularity of abstract expressionism, Brook relentlessly pursued the realistic style and romantic mood that brought him early success in the '20s and informed his work—graceful nudes, broad, brooding landscapes, portraits of young girls caught in somber moods. Said he: "My approach is immediate. I try to maintain that first quick impression, that first quick look."

DIED. Virginia Murray Bacon, 88, widow of New York Republican Congressman Robert Low Bacon (who died in 1938), ebullient champion of the arts and historical preservation in the nation's capital, and grande dame of the city's G.O.P. elite for half a century; in Washington, D.C.

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Sharp Blows at the High Bench

Much ado about The Brethren*—and another "inside" book*

Tell-it-all books on the Supreme Court may yet become a new publishing genre. Sales of *The Brethren*, the gossipy, 467-page "inside" look at the high bench by Watergate Sleuth Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong, have soared since it was released by Simon & Schuster in December. Now the court is about to be shaken further by a book that may draw even more attention, if only because it was written by someone who really did have first-hand knowledge of the institution's personalities and practices: Justice William O. Douglas.

Well before he died in January at 81, the court's crusty, most independent lon-

William O. Douglas, author of the next Supreme Court portrait, with Wife Cathy in 1973

After those tales tattled by the clerks, barbs from a man who really knew the place.

er and liberal completed a long memoir of the nearly 37 years he had spent on the bench. Early reports are that the forthcoming book, which is due from Random House this fall, shows that Douglas was bold in setting down his often acid-etched opinions of the court and his colleagues. A former law clerk of Douglas' who has seen the early drafts describes some of the Justice's comments about his brethren as "incredibly nasty. They read like something that Alice Roosevelt Longworth would have written."

Douglas' reminiscences are said to have been so blunt that he had second thoughts about having some of them published; many of the sharpest barbs in the original manuscript were toned down or cut out by Douglas and his fourth wife Cathy, 36. Still, the book should bear out the Justice's well-earned reputation as a maverick. The work is known to contain an especially vivid and unflattering portrait of Douglas' earliest nemesis on the court, the late Felix Frankfurter. Of the current nine members of the court, Chief Justice Warren Burger gets the harshest treatment, as indeed he does in *The Brethren*, where he is depicted as a vain, posturing maneuverer who manipulates the court's rules to help him get his way. But others get drubbings too. Thurgood Marshall, for example, is criticized for weakness, even though he had been an ideological ally of Douglas'.

To judge by sales of *The Brethren*, the public is fascinated by the court. The book shot to the top of the best-seller lists within days after it first appeared, and it has stayed at or near the top of the charts ever since. Simon & Schuster, which has printed 600,000 copies, believes that the book will eventually outsell even Co-Author Woodward's Watergate works, *The Final Days* and *All the President's Men*. But if *The Brethren* is doing surprisingly well, it is also getting harsh judgments from its most critical readers, legal experts and other well-informed court observers.

The book, which took the authors two years to research and write, was drawn largely from interviews of people on the court's sidelines, including some 170 present and former clerks, the bright young law school graduates who serve as the Justices' aides. Little, apparently, came from the several Justices with whom Woodward and Armstrong talked. Even so, the critics note, the narrative is stippled with much detail about the Justices' inner motives and feelings: Potter Stewart's stomach is said to "knot" before a meeting with President Nixon; William Brennan "felt betrayed" at one point; Burger, who never spoke to the authors, "vowed to himself that he would grasp the reins of power immediately." Complains University of Chicago Law Professor Philip Kurland, a longtime court watcher: "We're just told by the authors that we've got to believe it. It's all Deep Throat—at best, hearsay twice removed." Says Critic Renata Adler, a Yale Law School graduate: "It's the most shallow and inaccurate piece of journalism I've ever seen in book form."

One story the critics have cited concerns a 1972 decision, *Moore* vs. *Illinois*, that denied a new trial to a man who faced a life sentence for murdering a bartender in a tavern quarrel. As the book tells it, Brennan favored a retrial but decided to join in the majority opinion. Reason: Brennan was concerned that Harry Blackmun, who wrote the opinion, would be "personally offended" if he dissented and thus might not support him in other cases. New York *Times* Columnist Anthony Lewis decided to probe this account of cynical legal horse-trading, which the book suggested was based on the recollection of an unnamed former Brennan clerk. Lewis found the ex-clerk, Paul R. Hoeber, now a law professor at the University of California at Berkeley. Hoeber denied that he told Woodward and Armstrong anything of the sort; he insists that Brennan voted with Blackmun only because he felt that the facts of the case required him to do so. (The authors say they stand by their account.)

The experts' major complaint is that the authors dwell on personalities while slighting substance. Though the portraits of the Justices generally ring true, the authors occasionally indulge in some low blows. At one point, the book suggests that Burger, who clearly is the clerks' least favorite Justice, cares little for the disadvantaged because he instructs his own clerks to spend less time working on the often scrawled, and rarely persuasive, petitions for hearings submitted by poor people. What the authors do not say is that Burger had this work, once done only by the Chief Justice's aides, spread out among all the court's clerks. Says a former Stewart clerk: "At first, I was convinced that [the authors] could not be unfair to Burger because he's such an idiot. But now I think they were."

In general, says J. Harvie Wilkinson, a University of Virginia law professor who once clerked for Justice Lewis Powell, "the authors took an essentially tedious and cerebral process and hyped it up to sell books. To read *The Brethren*, you would think that the court is a titillating, political place to work. It is not. It is a grind." Another irritant to the experts is the fact that while the authors delight in pungent anecdotal detail—one passage tells of Douglas' being incontinent at a meeting on the day of his return for the 1975 court term—they skim lightly over

the judicial philosophies of the members. Says former Justice Arthur Goldberg: "The book is pretty much a gossip piece. Its historical value is nil."

The Justices themselves have maintained public silence about *The Brethren*. Insiders say the book has had little noticeable impact on the court's operations, though at least one Justice is known to have made a point of emphasizing to his clerks that they are supposed to keep their promise of confidentiality about the court's workings for at least "a period of years" after they leave. Says one former clerk who has talked to three Justices about *The Brethren*: "The book is on their minds; they're not ignoring it. Their reaction is shared disappointment: at the book, at the authors, and the clerks." Ex-Justice Goldberg, for his part, believes that "if the court can survive the *Dred Scott* case, which helped start the Civil War, it can survive *The Brethren*." Presumably, that goes for Justice Douglas' forthcoming effort too. ■

Mate *vs.* Mate

Spouses can spat in court

One of the most durable judicial traditions has been that spouses should not be allowed to testify against each other in court. In ancient times the reasoning was that a married woman had no legal status separate from her husband's; more recently this "spousal privilege" has been justified as a measure to preserve marital harmony. But last week the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that in federal criminal cases a husband or wife may choose to testify against his or her mate.

Specifically, the court overturned the "Hawkins Rule," a 1958 decision that gave a spouse on trial the right to veto the intention of the other spouse to offer incriminating evidence in court. This latest ruling concerned Otis Trammel Jr., a California man who in 1976 was convicted, partly on the testimony of his wife, of conspiring to import heroin. In the opinion, Chief Justice Warren Burger explained that the old notions about married women having no separate legal identity had broken down "chip by chip," and that marriage was not what it used to be. When a spouse is willing to testify against his or her partner, he wrote, "there is probably little in the way of marital harmony" left to preserve.

The ruling is narrow; it states that mates still cannot be compelled to testify against each other if they do not want to. It also allows spousal testimony only in the case of conversations that were not intended to be private (pillow talk is still protected), or when the husband or wife has actually witnessed criminal acts of the other. Moreover, the high bench is not really breaking new ground with the Trammel decision. Over the past several years, 26 states have gone at least as far as the new federal rule. ■

Medicine

Superkids?

A sperm bank for Nobelists

Robert K. Graham, 74, a wealthy California businessman, calls it a "moderately expensive hobby." Fairly interesting too. Graham collects sperm from Nobel-prizewinning scientists—five so far—and offers it to young women who have high IQs. According to the Los Angeles *Times*, which broke the story last week, Graham has shipped frozen sperm to several unidentified women, and three of them—all on the East Coast—are pregnant. Says he: "This is just the beginning."

Graham in underground repository
"This is just the beginning."

Graham, a developer of plastic lenses for eyeglasses, was a friend of the late Nobel Physiologist Hermann J. Muller, who advocated improving the genetic stock of the human race by freezing gifted men's sperm for later insemination of bright women. Converted to Muller's view, Graham several years ago began writing to Nobel laureates, asking for sperm donations. Five said yes, and Graham made collections in the San Francisco and San Diego areas for his subterranean sperm bank—the Hermann J. Muller Repository for Germinal Choice—built on his ten-acre estate in Escondido, Calif.

A member of Mensa, a group of 33,000 people who have IQ scores in the top 2%, Graham first revealed his project last summer in an interview published in the Mensa *Bulletin*. He was seeking to place his Nobel sperm with bright women who were healthy, under 35 and preferably married to a sterile man. Two dozen women applied, and those who were chosen received physical descriptions of the anonymous Nobel donors—plus Graham's own assessments. "A very famous scientist," he wrote on the description of one of the five available mail-order fathers (to whom he has assigned numbers 10 through 14), "a mover and a shaker, almost a superman." Replied one of the women: "I'm very excited about this . . . I'm tentatively going to select No. 13 because he's the youngest of the donors and has the highest IQ." As a condition for receiving Nobel sperm, the applicants agreed to send Graham regular reports on the pregnancy and, after birth, on the child's health and IQ.

So far only one of the sperm donors has revealed himself to the press: Laureate William Shockley (Physics, 1956), whose genetics opinions are regularly attacked as racist. Says he: "I don't regard myself as a perfect human being or the ideal candidate, but I am endorsing Graham's concept of increasing the people at the top of the population." Steve Broder, who directs a Southern California sperm bank called Cryobank and is a former adviser to Graham, says he saw "three or maybe four" Nobelists donating to the depository. "I see nothing extraordinary in all this," he adds. "It's quite normal for potential mothers to come in and ask for sperm with a high IQ."

Many Nobel winners are taking a dim view of Graham's project. Stanford's Burton Richter (Physics, 1976) reports that his students are beginning to ask whether he supplements his salary with stud fees. "It's somewhat weird," he says. "What they are trying to do is create an intellectual superman, and selecting winning Nobel Prize scientists is not the way to do it." Charles H. Townes (Physics, 1964) of the University of California at Berkeley dismissed the project as "snobbish," and the Salk Institute's Dr. Renato Dulbecco (Medicine, 1975) disqualified himself. Said he: "I was vasectomized long ago."

What of the moral considerations? Among other things, says Daniel Callahan, director of the Hastings, N.Y., Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, the plan assumes that brighter is better, and that the Nobel Prize is a rough index to social usefulness. Says he: "There's no guarantee that high IQ people produce better people or a better society. It is not the retarded kids of the world who produce the wars and destruction." Graham's project may not even make good sense on its own terms. Nobel sperm may be bright, but the donors are usually far along in years. Shockley, for example, is 70, and recent studies suggest that the chance of having a mongoloid child increases not only with the mother's age, but with the father's too, especially if he is 55 or older. ■

Are Those Apes Really Talking?

Skeptics say it is mostly a lot of monkeyshines

Laura, the teacher, and her young pupil are romping playfully on the lawn in front of their classroom:

Pupil (rolling on ground): You tickle me.

Laura: Where?

Pupil (pointing to leg): Here.

Laura (after tickling him): Now you tickle me.

Pupil (tickling her): Me tickle Laura.

This dialogue between Laura and her charge might not seem unusual, except for one thing: the pupil was not a human child but a young chimpanzee named Nim. Like several others of his primate kin, Nim had been taught to communicate with humans in American Sign Language, a system of hand gestures developed for the deaf.* He eventually learned to make and recognize 125 signs. But the frisky little chimp and other apes who have received such "language" instruction are now the center of a raging academic storm. The issue: can apes really master the essence of human language—the creation of sentences?

Psychologist Terrace with Nim

Psychologist Patterson telling about nursery rhyme while Koko "comments"

Some growing doubts about apes that invent metaphors, hurl insults, and rhyme.

A few years ago, the answer might have been an unequivocal yes. After all, Psychologists Allen and Beatrice Gardner of the University of Nevada had managed in the late 1960s to teach the chimp Washoe to use 132 signs; the precocious animal was even credited with having invented a phrase of her own, *water bird* for swan. About the same time, David Premack, of the University of California at Santa Barbara, using plastic symbols of different shapes and colors to represent words, taught his prize pupil, Sarah, some 130 words and reported that she had also mastered some phrases. At the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center in Atlanta, the husband-wife team of Duane Rumbaugh of Georgia State University and Susan Savage-Rumbaugh, employing a language of their own invention, called Yerkish (its symbols are projected onto a screen when an ape presses the appropriately marked key on a console), even got two chimpanzees to communicate with each other in this artificial "tongue."

Perhaps the most impressive claims came from Francine Patterson, a psychologist at Stanford, who said she had managed to teach a hulking female gorilla named Koko more than 400 signs. According to Patterson, the gifted ape then proceeded to higher linguistic levels by using word combinations to insult her trainers (*You nut*), compose rhymes (*bear hair, squash wash*) and invent metaphors (*eye hat* for mask, *finger bracelet* for ring).

Though a few experts expressed skepticism, these claims of the apes' linguistic ability were widely accepted during the 1970s. But now many scientists are beginning to have second thoughts. They suggest that much of what the animals are doing is merely mimicking their teachers and that they have no comprehension of syntax. What is more, they say, the primate experimenters are probably so eager to prove their case that they often provide inadvertent cues to the animals, who quickly realize which "right" answer will bring them some goody. In short, the skeptics raise the possibility that the apes have been making monkeys out of their human mentors.

No one has done more to stir doubts than Columbia University Psychologist Herbert Terrace in his work with little Nim (full name: Nim Chimpsky, a play on the name of Linguist Noam Chomsky of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a staunch proponent of the idea that language ability is biologically unique to humans). The object of Terrace's experiment was to prove Chomsky wrong —to show that creatures other than man could, indeed, conquer syntax and link words into sentences, however simple.

Toward that goal, Terrace, with Laura Petitto, a student assistant, and other trainers, put Nim through 44 months of intensive sign-language drill, while treating him much as they would a child. In some ways the chimp was an apt student, learning, for example, to "sign" *dirty* when he wanted to use the potty or *drink* when he spotted someone sipping from a Thermos. Nonetheless, Nim never mastered even the rudiments of grammar or sentence construction. His speech, unlike that of children, did not grow in complexity. Nor did it show much spontaneity; 88% of the time he "talked" only in response to specific questions from the teacher.

Armed with his new insights, Terrace began reviewing the reports and video tapes of other experimenters. Careful study of the record showed the same patterns with other apes that Terrace had noted in the work with Nim. There were rarely any "spontaneous" utterances, and what had seemed at first glance to be original sentences now emerged as responses to questions, imitations of signs made by the teacher, or as rote-like repetitions of

*Nonvocal communication is necessary in experiments with apes because their vocal apparatus cannot produce the wide range of sounds that characterizes a spoken language.

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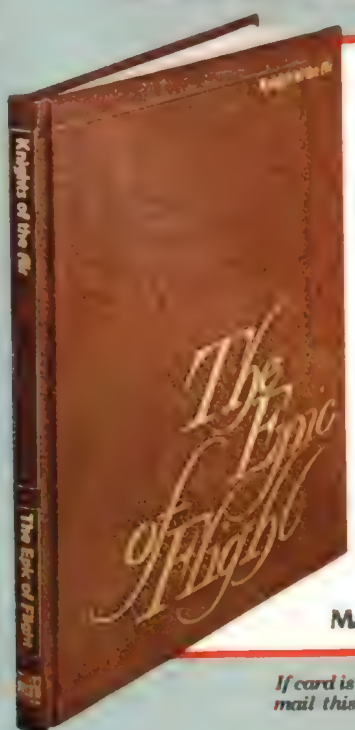

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memorized combinations. For instance, when Lana, a chimp at Yerkes, said *Please machine give apple*, the first three words seemed to mean nothing more to her than a mechanical prelude to obtaining something she wanted. Says Terrace in his 1979 book *Nim* (Knopf; $15): "The closer I looked, the more I regarded the many reported instances of language as elaborate tricks [by the apes] for obtaining rewards."

An equally serious criticism has been made by Linguist Thomas Sebeok and his wife, Anthropologist Donna Jean Umiker-Sebeok, both at Indiana University. In the introduction to a collection of reports and essays on primate language experiments to be published this month under the title *Speaking of Apes* (Plenum; $37.50), they maintain that much of what passes for language skill in apes can be explained by the "Clever Hans effect" —a phenomenon named for a turn-of-the-century German circus horse that astounded audiences by tapping out with his hoofs correct answers to complex mathematical and verbal problems. In fact, as a German psychologist finally discerned, Clever Hans was picking up unintentional cues—changes in facial expression, breathing patterns and even eye-pupil size—from his questioner telling him when and how many times to stomp (or, more precisely, when to stop stomping).

HERBERT TERRACE

As trainer asks color of box, Nim makes sign for "red"

Can it be partly explained by the "Clever Hans effect"?

Part of the talking-ape lore may come from the subjectivity of researchers. The Sebeoks note that when Koko is asked to give the sign for drink and makes the proper gesture but touches her ear instead of her mouth, Psychologist Patterson assumes not that the gorilla has made a mistake but that it is joking. If Koko smiles when asked to frown, she is displaying a "grasp of opposites." Say the Sebeoks: "Real breakthroughs in man-ape communication are the stuff of fiction."

Such words touched off angry responses. The Gardners, incensed by Terrace's "weasel talk" and "innuendo," considered suing him. Patterson accused Terrace of "rather muddleheaded methodology." But some of the other researchers are taking a long, hard look at their own work. Premack, now at the University of Pennsylvania, thinks that Terrace's tactic of trying to treat Nim like a human baby was "silly and ill-advised," but he agrees that animals are incapable of spontaneous conversation. The Rumbaughs maintain that their more recent experiments preclude the possibility of trainers giving cues, consciously or subconsciously, to the subjects, but they have their own reservations about the linguistic ability of apes. Acknowledges Duane Rumbaugh: "There is no solid evidence to date that would indicate that the ape is capable of using syntax with competence."

As for the man in whose honor Nim was named, he has no doubts. Says Noam Chomsky: "It's about as likely that an ape will prove to have a language ability as that there is an island somewhere with a species of flightless birds waiting for human beings to teach them to fly." ■

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Women Cops on the Beat

Can they do the job as well as men?

Sergeant inspects male and female cops at roll call in Detroit

On routine night patrol last August, two policewomen came upon a bizarre scene in downtown Detroit: a naked man, standing in the middle of the road with a Doberman pinscher, burning dollar bills. The officers, Katherine Perkins, 35, and Glenda Rudolph, 26, radioed for help and tried to persuade the man to come along quietly. Before they could make the arrest, Sergeant Paul Janness, 31, arrived. The naked man went berserk, flailing away at the policeman. Janness was badly beaten, and claimed that the two policewomen failed to come to his aid. When witnesses agreed, Perkins and Rudolph were charged with cowardice.

Last month a police trial board found both women guilty and recommended dismissal. Then the case was reopened when a last-minute witness showed up and testified that one of the policewomen had "grabbed and kicked" the man during the scuffle with Janness. Though the trial board has met again to evaluate the new testimony, the incident has undermined the reputation of women in operation units. Some women on the force are bitter because their two colleagues were not given the chance to resign quietly. Even if Perkins and Rudolph are cleared, they say the case will leave the lingering impression that female cops are not up to the job. Admits Executive Deputy Chief James Bannon: "If a woman officer went out tomorrow and saved six male officers' lives, the men would call her a superwoman, but it wouldn't change many attitudes."

Are women cops doing the job? The most negative answer came last fall in a study by Sociologist Patricia Weiser Remmington. After a year of riding five shifts a week on police patrols in Atlanta, Remmington concluded that males cope with the presence of females on the force by dealing with them as natural subordinates —and the females accept the situation. A policeman talks to a policewoman in a teasing kind of banter, as if the female cop were a tomboyish kid sister. Because women cops were not trained in the martial arts or encouraged to handle tough assignments, they often showed a lack of confidence, and sometimes deliberately drove slowly to a potentially violent call. Says Remmington: "Either the view of females as weaker or the view and self-image of American police as symbols of physical power will have to change."

Most police departments give a more positive view of women cops than Remmington does, but the men in the ranks have their doubts. A 1977 study of the Detroit police found that the men consider women cops liabilities in dangerous situations because of "their physical size." A Philadelphia study concluded that men can handle violent situations better than women can. Not so in Washington, D.C., which has 329 female cops, more than half of them assigned to patrol duties. A sociological study done for the Police Foundation in 1974 found that males and females seem to perform equally well in handling violent citizens, but that a valid comparison is impossible because violence is so rare. TV cops may be embroiled hourly in perilous adventures, but in real life a patrolman's lot is mostly routine and paperwork. The report showed that women cops are less likely to engage in serious misconduct, but noted that they make fewer arrests.

Many supervisors worry about small women going up against large and dangerous men. "When you're dealing with a 250-pound gorilla, I'd prefer to have some beef on my side," says Rochester, N.Y., Police Sergeant Dennis Cole. "Most women are not beefy." Still, Cole admits that women do well and that "police work is getting away from brawn anyway."

An argument in favor of women cops is that they are better than men in talking people out of violence. Says Oakland, Calif., Police Sergeant Earl Sargent: "Just as you don't have to teach a man how to fight—they grow up playing war and cowboys—in the same way, you don't have to teach a woman how to talk." That statement, like many issued by male cops these days, accepts the fact that policewomen are here to stay. Indeed, women routinely face the same dangers as men. Last fall in Oakland a drunk attacked a female cop, and authorities there described it as one of the most savage beatings in recent memory. Says Sargent: "We've had quite a number of females get decked and come up spitting blood." ■

Postbirth Blues

Does society cause them?

After giving birth, most women lapse into some sort of melancholy. Though no one knows precisely what causes postpartum depression, most theories focus on medical factors or psychological ones. British Sociologist Ann Oakley, after a five-year study of 55 first-time mothers in a London hospital, has a different idea: postpartum depression is mostly caused by society.

In her new book on the study, *Women Confined*, just published in Britain, Oakley presents what amounts to the first feminist theory of postnatal blues. The recipe for the depression, she says, is to create an unrealistic myth about motherhood, offer unfeeling medical care, and then set the new mother down in a social system that offers her little support for her new child and new role. Oakley, the mother of three, thinks childbirth is so oversold as woman's greatest achievement that women believe something is wrong with them if they have ambivalent feelings after giving birth. Says she: "The medical profession should see it not as a problem of individuals but of the structure."

Oakley opposes the use of pain-killing injections during birth, particularly the ones that numb the lower half of the mother's body and, according to the sociologist, make her feel more like a spectator than a participant. "It is a profoundly alienating experience," she says. "The mothers felt like it was someone else's child." Her advice: proper support from husband and hospital will eliminate anxiety, and thus reduce pain to a bearable limit without drugs. ■

Too Busy Earning a Living To Make Any Money?

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I remember the day my wife phoned me, crying, because the landlord had shown up at the house, demanding his rent — and we didn't have the money to pay it.

Now we own five homes. Two are on the ocean-front in California (I use one as my office). One is a lakefront "cabin" in Washington, (that's where we spend the whole summer — loafing, fishing, swimming, and sailing.) One is a condominium on a sunny beach in Mexico. And one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii — Maui.

Right now I could sell all this property, pay off the mortgages, — and — without touching any of my other investments — walk away with over $750,000 in cash. But I don't want to sell, because I don't think of my homes as "investments." I've got other real estate — and stocks, bonds, and cash in the bank — for that.

I remember when I lost my job. Because I was head over heels in debt, my lawyer told me the only thing I could do was declare bankruptcy. He was wrong. I paid off every dime.

Now, I have a million dollar line of credit; but I still don't have a job. Instead, I get up every weekday morning and decide whether I want to go to work or not. Sometimes I do — for 5 or 6 hours. But about half the time, I decide to read, go for a walk, sail my boat, swim, or ride my bike.

I know what it's like to be broke. And I know what it's like to have everything you want. And I know that you — like me — can *decide* which one it's going to be. It's really as easy as that. That's why I call it "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

So I'm going to ask you to send me something I don't need: money. Ten dollars to be exact. Why? Because I want you to pay attention. And I figure that if you've got $10 invested, you'll look over what I send you and decide whether to send it back...or keep it. And I don't *want* you to keep it unless you agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested.

Is the material "worth" $10? No — if you think of it as paper and ink. But that's not what I'm selling. What I am selling is information. *More* information than I give when I'm paid $1000 as a guest speaker. *More* information than I give in a one-hour consultation for $300.

But you're really not risking *anything*. Because I won't cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material. That's the deal. Return it in 31 days — and I'll send back your check or money order — uncashed.

How do you know I'll do it? Well, if you really want to be on the safe side, post-date your check for a month from today — *plus 2 additional weeks*. That'll give you plenty of time to receive it, look it over, try it out.

I know what you're thinking. "He got rich telling people how to get rich." The truth is — and this is very important — the year before I shared "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches," my net income was $216,646. And what I'll send you tells just how I made that kind of money — working a few hours a day — about 8 months out of the year.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." Remember I was up to my neck in debt when I started.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share. But I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better. I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that — nothing more, nothing less — the results will be hard to believe. Remember — I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again — I guarantee it.

I know you're skeptical. Well, here are some comments from other people. (Initials have been used to protect the writer's privacy. The originals are in my files.) I'm sure that, like you, these people didn't believe me either when they clipped the coupon. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their check for at least 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right.

And here's what they gained:

'Wow, it does work!'
"Oddly enough, I purchased Lazy Man's Way to Riches some six months ago, or so, read it, and really did nothing about it. Then, about three weeks ago, when I was really getting desperate about my financial situation, I remembered it, re-read it, studied it, and this time, put it to work and WOW, it does work! Doesn't take much time, either... I guess some of us just have to be at a severe point of desperation before we overcome the ultimate laziness, procrastination."

Mr. J.K., Anaheim, CA

'Made $50,000 just fooling around'
"In February 1974 you sent me (for ten bucks) your Lazy Man's Way to Riches. Since then I have made approximately 50 grand ($50,000) just fooling around on the basis of your advice. You see, I really am lazy — otherwise I could have made 50 million! Thank you!"

Mr. R. McK., Atlanta, GA

'$24,000 in 45 days'
"...received $24,000.00 in the mail the last 45 days. Thanks again."

Mr. E.G.N., Matewan, W.VA

Made $70,000
"A $70,000 thanks to you for writing The Lazy Man's Way to Riches. That's how much I've made.

"I use this extra income for all of the good things in life, exotic vacations, classic automobiles, etc. Soon I hope to make enough to quit my regular job and devote full time to making money the easy way..."

Mr. D.R., Newport Beach, CA

$260,000 in eleven months
"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life... One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership. I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B.F., Pascagoula, Miss.

'There's no stopping me'
"Since I've got your (Lazy Man's Way to Riches) in July, I've started 4 companies — there's no stopping me and I'm so high I need chains to keep me on the ground."

M.T., Portland, OR

What I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers, and maybe everyone else you know.

I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you.

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older — or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

Joe Karbo. 1979, 17105 South Pacific, Sunset Beach, Calif. 90742

PROOF!

Don't take my word for it. These are excerpts from articles in newspapers and magazines:

Time:
He only works half the year in his stunning office on California's Sunset Beach, and even when he's there he puts in short hours. In other words, Joe Karbo, 48, is the prototype for..."The Lazy Man's Way to Riches."

Seattle Times:
Is it all honest? A man who has done business with him says Karbo's reputation is excellent, and that he has managed to conduct mutually beneficial deals with him with nothing but a handshake and an oral agreement.
Want to be rich? Take my advice and follow his.

Boston Herald-American:
The book has drawn hundreds of letters from persons who have profited by it.

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:
An unpretentious millionaire, Joe Karbo of Huntington Harbor is a vibrant, living testimonial to his intellectual, pragmatic conviction.

Forbes:
After bouncing around show biz, advertising, and real estate, he made his fortune. Last year (1972) he made $250,000.

Money Making Opportunities:
Maybe Joe Karbo has the secret. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to find out what it is all about? I just finished it — and I'm off on a vacation myself. Get the idea?

The Boston Globe:
Jay Haws of Chico, Cal. said the pep talk in "The Lazy Man's Way to Riches" has "changed my life," and upped his freelance graphic designer income from $2000 to $30,000 annually.
"I'm not rich yet," said Haws, "but I see the light at the end of the tunnel. It gave me the swift kick in the pants that I needed."

Long Beach Independent:
He's programmed the path to riches for the lazy man.

Sworn Statement
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."

Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Home Bank
17010 Magnolia Avenue
Fountain Valley,
CA 92708

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept 437-B
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for at least 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material — for *any* reason — within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____
(Please Print Clearly)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

SORRY — NO COD'S

Charlotte Ford, latest doyenne of decorum, sets social strategy from Manhattan apartment

Mode Code

A new Ford manual

Manners makyth man, according to the ancient English axiom. However, it is woman who makyth manners, a behavioral frontier that has traditionally been too sensitive to be guarded by men. From Chaucer's Wife of Bath through *Godey's Lady's Book*, Emily Post, Amy Vanderbilt and Letitia Baldrige, the doyennes of decorum have defined and refined social norms to the point at which a boilermaker in Metropolis, Ill., knows (from his wife) that it is O.K. to eat bacon with his fingers, while french fries should be conveyed by a fork.

But times they are always a-changing, and with them the strategies of propriety—and the generalissimas. The latest entrant in the annals of etiquette is Charlotte Ford, 41, elder daughter of Henry II and former wife of Stavros Niarchos, 72, the Greek shipping tycoon. Ford's *Book of Modern Manners* (Simon & Schuster; $14.95) honestly and sometimes humorously addresses the battle order. Meeting Someone New in a Public Place. How to Be a Popular Guest (or Host). Sharing a Bathroom. The Length of the Cocktail Hour.

Ford populates her 509-page book with imaginary characters who might have been rented from Dickens: Vivian Fein Quales, Jason Seldom, Basil Prout, Lance Loomer, Dr. Madora Waxley and Eden Collingsworth, among others. Some of her advice could have been lifted from a phrase book written in Taiwan, for example, changing the subject during an unpleasant conversation: "Did you know Cecily Margolis is getting braces, along with her oldest, Agatha?"

However, Ford's book is more than a manual of manners. Its most valuable contributions are about coping with contemporary life, especially the decathlon of divorce (she has had two). She writes of survival as a single, raising children (her daughter Elena Niarchos is now 13) without a paternal presence, dealing with the gossip that sprouts like toadstools after the decree *nisi*, and deciding which friends you have left.

Modern Manners is both pithy and practical. Under the heading When You and Your Ex Are Invited to the Same Party, she quotes a friend: "If we wanted to go to parties together, we'd still be married." In fact, Ford tactics often reflect the celebrated advice of Mr. Punch to a young person contemplating marriage: "Don't." Charlotte's web of don'ts includes, with some reservations: rigid enforcement of "house rules" for weekend guests; bedroom segregation of unmarried lovers; gossiping about mutual friends and former loved ones; serving drugs at a party.

But the convent-educated author also has an intriguing list of dos. For example, she heartily approves of breast-feeding in public (when done "with a minimum of fuss and exposure"). She even suggests how an unmarried couple should go about getting a double room in a hotel in a foreign city: "Sign the register, Count Vronsky and Anna Karenina." Curiously, Charlotte Ford has not read Baldrige's revised version of Amy Vanderbilt's *Complete Book of Etiquette*, published in 1978, which is more fully researched and better written. The major difference between the two books may lie in the fact that Charlotte's reflects a more personal involvement in her situations. She brings to the arid arena of dos and don'ts a dose of good sense, a dash of wit and a dollop of compassion, none of which are standard ingredients of etiquette. ■

Odds & Trends

LITER BEATER

Since Jan. 1, when wine and liquor bottlers began observing a federal mandate to switch to metric measurement, the cost of boozing has been confusing. Pints, fifths, quarts, half-gallons and gallons are being replaced in stores by new-size bottles. The quart, for instance, is being supplanted by a container holding 1 liter (a good slurp more than the old bottle); a half-gallon jug of vino now comes in a 1.5-liter size, while the half-gallon of hard stuff has become a 1.75-liter container. Judging the better buy between sizes is enough to drive an Einstein to drink. A handy tool to avert befuddlement is "The Liquor & Wine Pocket $aver," a small slide rule that compares prices in both standard and metric sizes. Example: if the old quart of one whisky brand went for $15.14, the 1.75-liter bottle should cost $27.99, the 4-liter model $63.95. At many liquor stores, Pocket $aver is on the house, plus $2.

RAPE REPELLER

N-butyl mercaptan is a light petroleum liquid whose skunklike odor is so foul that it is used for detecting leaks in natural-gas pipelines. Now a Texas entrepreneur named J.W. Small is promoting it as a rape repellent. Rapel, as his $9.95 product is called, is an inch-long plastic cylinder that contains a fragile glass ampoule of the obnoxious fluid. The pencil-thick device can be clipped to the inside of a dress, bra or nightgown; when pressed lightly, the ampoule breaks, releasing the ardor-killing odor. One rape crisis expert frets that Rapel "lulls the user into a false sense of security." Perhaps, but another drawback has already been solved: each package comes with a container of a neutralizing fluid that quickly dissipates the smell.

TRIP TIPPER

One of the last remaining travel bargains is a book: *Eurail Guide (How to Travel Europe and All the World by Train)*. The 1980 edition ($9.95) describes worthwhile trips in 115 countries and details more than 50 cut-rate fares. Examples: the 1,500-mile trip from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso for $9.50, the 2,780-mile jog from Montreal to Vancouver for $35. Great stuff for train buffs, the book gives departure and arrival times for more than 9,000 rail trips worldwide, with specifics about en route scenery and service (on the Peking-Shanghai run an acupuncturist is available), as well as advice on tour planning. Authors Marvin L. Saltzman and Kathryn Saltzman Muileman even log the World's Longest Train Ride, an 8,000-mile odyssey from Lisbon across Siberia to Khabarovsk that officially takes 218 hours and on the Saltzman and Muileman trip was only 2½ hours late. ■

Johnnie Walker® Black Label 12 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y.

VIVITAR FLASH CLICKS WITH CANON OWNERS.

with Nikon, Minolta, Pentax and Olympus owners too.

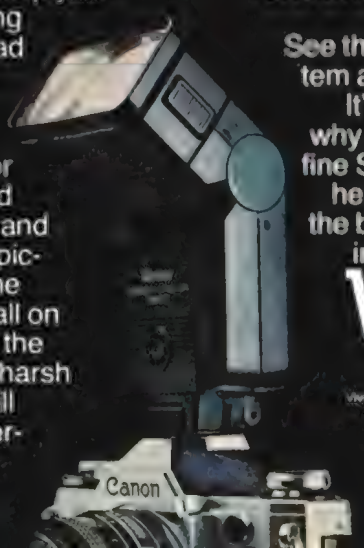
Now there's a new easy-to-use Vivitar automatic electronic flash system specially designed for today's new compact cameras. The Vivitar 2500 flash. It has the features of other Vivitar full-system flash units, plus some new ideas, in a compact, lightweight, sleek design.

The 2500 will help you take more exciting pictures. The head swivels 90° so you can bounce light from ceilings, reflectors, or walls... as we did with the little girl and her friend in the picture. Bouncing the flash from the wall on her left softened the light, eliminated harsh shadows, and still caught a very nervous duckling in stop-action.

It's a zoom flash, too. It gives you the right exposure, automatically, even when you change from a wide-angle to a normal to a telephoto lens.

Use an autowinder? A special setting lets you shoot at your autowinder's pace ...up to two frames a second when you're close to your subject.

See the 2500 flash system at a Vivitar dealer. It's another reason why Canon and other fine SLR owners have helped make Vivitar the best-selling name in electronic flash.



Vivitar.

Best-selling name in lenses and flash.

Vivitar Corporation, 1630 Stewart Street
Santa Monica, CA 90406.
In Canada: Vivitar Canada Ltd./Ltée
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ALTHOUGH THE UNITED WAY IS IN THE BUSINESS OF GIVING AWAY MONEY, WE DON'T JUST GIVE IT AWAY.

Sometimes people think that because United Way is in the business of giving away money, that's all we do.

But they're wrong. Because before United Way gives away money, a lot of things must happen. Volunteers carefully assess each organization requesting assistance.

Does the organization represent the best interest of the community?

Will it provide an important human service not provided elsewhere?

Does it really deliver the services to the people who *need* them?

When, and only when, these and other questions have been answered does United Way *give* money.

Thanks to you it works. For all of us. **United Way**

86 Proof Scotch Whisky. Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Imported by Monsieur Henri Wines, Ltd., New York, N.Y

Photographed in the Cafe Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland

WHY THE SCOTS DRINK MORE BELL'S THAN ANY OTHER SCOTCH.

Because Bell's is blended with a high percentage of malt whiskies, which give a true "Scotch" Scotch taste.

Because a precise amount of the Bell's blend is matured in sherry casks, to give a mellow taste.

Because we use a *two-step* blending process, not one, so you're doubly assured of smoothness, time after time, bottle after bottle.

And because the blends in Bell's aren't merely thrown together and bottled, but are "married" in oak casks for further aging so they have time to get to know each other intimately, comfortably. That's why Bell's has such a mature, well-rounded taste.

The Scots are known to appreciate the taste of a great Scotch. And that's exactly why they drink more Bell's than any other Scotch in Scotland.

Taste.

Bell's. The best selling Scotch in Scotland.

From coast to coast and border to border...

Hilton Inn
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Hilton Inn
Aurora, Illinois

Hilton Inn
Columbia, Missouri

Airport Hilton Inn
Detroit (Metro Airport), Michigan

Airport Hilton Inn
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Airport Hilton Inn
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Hilton Southwest
Houston, Texas

Hyde Park Hilton
Chicago, Illinois

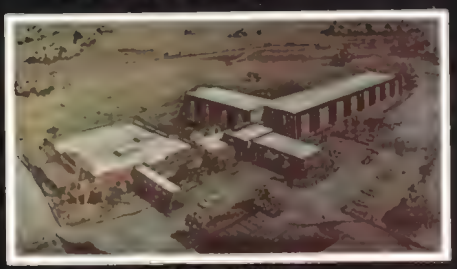
The Midland Hilton
Midland, Texas

Palm Beach Hilton
Palm Beach, Florida

Grand Traverse Hilton
Traverse City, Michigan

The Fontainebleau Hilton
Miami Beach, Florida

The Myrtle Beach Hilton
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina



Briarwood Hilton
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Springfield Hilton
Springfield, Illinois

The North Shore Hilton
Skokie (Chicago area), Illinois

Hilton Shanty Creek Conference and Resort Center
Bellaire, Michigan

Baltimore Hilton Inn
Baltimore (Pikesville), Maryland

The Fresno Hilton
Fresno, California

Hilton Inn
Sharonville (Cincinnati), Ohio

Airport Hilton Inn
Cleveland, Ohio

Longboat Key Hilton Inn
Longboat Key (Sarasota), Florida

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More than 200 Hilton hotels and inns in more than 150 cities from coast to coast bring you beautiful, comfortable guest rooms, spacious meeting and convention facilities, fine restaurants and lounges, entertainment, sparkling pools and ample parking. Everything you need to make your trip easy and fun. And, you can charge all of Hilton's services on most major credit cards.

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Who can give you all the advantages of a full-service lease on a rent-as-you-need-it basis? Who can set up a full-service rental program that includes equipment specs, major servicing, tire replacement, fuel and fuel programming, taxes, insurance, licensing, safety programs, 24-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week emergency road service, substitute vehicles and all paper work? Who can make your present truck rental program extinct?

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Whether you're renting 300 trucks to deliver electronic equipment to 30 states, or three trucks to service accounts in a three-county area, there's only one thing to remember: No one can rent you a truck like Jartran can. If you would like additional information on the Jartran plan, fill out the coupon and mail it back to us today. Or call Dave Heffernan, V.P., Marketing toll-free at (800) 327-9595.

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Jartran Truck Rental, 3001 Ponce de Leon Boulevard
Coral Gables, Florida 33134

Dear Mr. Heffernan

Sounds good, but I'd still like to have more information on the Jartran plan. Please provide me with complete details.

NAME _____

COMPANY _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

PHONE _____

CH1

Report from Number One Wall Street

How Irving helps Chicago companies grow.

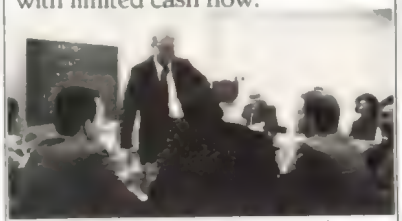
Window on Wall Street.

"When a growing company begins to think about long-range corporate planning, profit goals, expansion overseas and alternate sources of financing, it needs the special services that a major money-center bank can provide. And that's why we're here. To provide a window on Wall Street for growing, medium-size companies." Speaking: John Harper, Manager of Irving's Representative Office in Chicago.

"As a major New York bank with long-standing international expertise, we have special resources and knowledge. Equally important, we have a commitment to use these resources to help medium-size companies during their critical growth stage. That's why Irving offers such programs as FAME."

FAME in Chicago. FAME is an acronym for Financing and Managing Expansion...a unique seminar on subjects of vital interest to managers of growth-oriented companies.

☐ Raising capital to finance new plant or equipment needs can pose a problem for a company with limited cash flow.



Financial counseling available through FAME seminars.

☐ Going public can take management into totally unfamiliar waters.

☐ Setting realistic profit standards for the evaluation of investment opportunities can be difficult for an expanding company.

FAME takes on such problems and presents pragmatic, workable solutions. Counseling is provided to help medium-size companies become big and big companies become giants.

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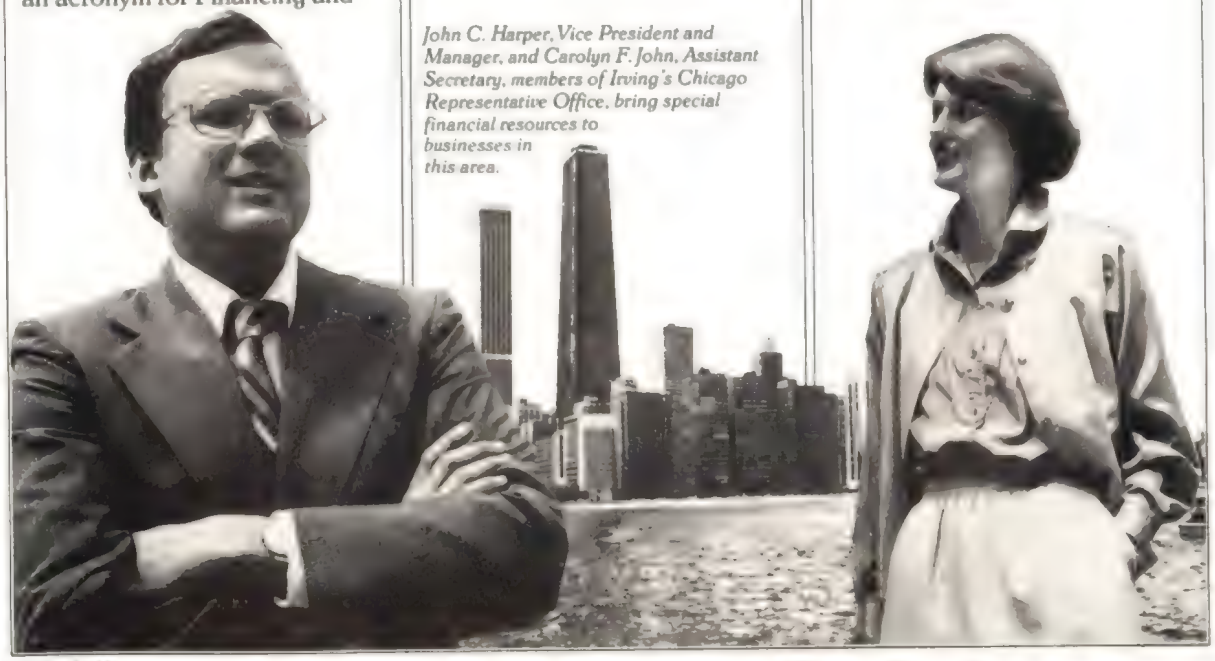
John C. Harper, Vice President and Manager, and Carolyn F. John, Assistant Secretary, members of Irving's Chicago Representative Office, bring special financial resources to businesses in this area.



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TM THE OFFICIAL BANK OF THE 1980 OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES.

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CHC/12

A New Life for Moore

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY? *by Brian Clark*

Mary Tyler Moore has come to Broadway, and it's a love match. Her kind of natural, straightforward appeal defies resistance. She has shown considerable temerity in taking over the role of a quadriplegic, first played by Tom Conti with virtuosic skill. The audacity of Moore's undertaking is redeemed by the high caliber of her performance.

Whose Life Is It Anyway? concerns the right to die. Claire Harrison (Moore), a sculptor, has suffered a spinal injury in an auto crash that has left her paralyzed from the neck down. Her keen, sprightly mind is scalded by her vision of the future. Never to work. Never to love again. To be robbed of her own will by the hospital chief (Josef Sommer), who feels free to sedate her with a tranquilizing needle during a fit of depression.

Angry and proud, Claire resolves to fight back. Employing a ruse, she secures a lawyer (Susan Kellermann), who brings in a sympathetic psychiatrist (Joseph McCaren). A judge (James Higgins) finally presides over a crucial trial in Claire's room. He declares her psychologically fit to make the mortal decision to leave the hospital. Near the end of the play, Claire utters a kind of farewell monologue to life. As delivered by Moore, it provokes the sting of involuntary tears.

Since Playwright Clark has only minimally rewritten the role, the switch from male to female does result in certain dissonances. It is unlikely that a woman would tell a string of off-color jokes or make raunchy remarks to female nurses. Lines that left Conti's mouth as self-mocking witticisms seem more like sarcastic putdowns coming from Moore's. It is scarcely due to her inflections but to the fact that rightly or wrongly, one expects a woman to respond differently to personal calamity than a man does.

As for Mary Tyler Moore, she has tackled the play with aplomb. Her eyes are pools of pain across which imps of mischief sail. Her charm could heat igloos. Without taking a single step, she has made the transition from TV to the stage in perfect stride. — *T.E. Kalem*

■ ■ ■

Backstage just after an exhausting performance, the star brims with energy. She hugs well-wishers and exults at the surprise appearance of a California friend. Wiping her damp ginger hair away from her forehead, she smiles easily, deep lines creasing the corners of her famous large brown eyes. Sipping a Tab, she jokes about an opening-night telegram sent by Actor Edward Asner (Lou Grant): NICE TO KNOW ALL THOSE DANCING LESSONS HAVE PAID OFF AT LAST. When one visitor notes how plain her dressing room is, Mary Tyler Moore laughs. "I've had beautiful dressing rooms in terrible shows," she says. "I'm glad to settle for it the other way around."

What Moore has settled for—playing the bedridden Claire Harrison—is unlike anything she has ever done and especially unlike the two sitcom characters that made her famous: the perky housewife Laura Petrie of *The Dick Van Dyke Show* (1961-66) and the spunky TV news producer Mary Richards of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* (1970-77). Says Moore: "I felt an affinity for Claire. She has a wonderful sense of humor, but she also knows very definitely what she is about."

Playing the part of a woman who literally makes the choice of her life comes at a time when Moore, 42, has made a big decision: in December she and Husband Grant Tinker separated after a marriage of 17 years. The union was considered one of Hollywood's closest and most private. Tinker guided his wife's career. Today Moore admits to mainly "nodding and smiling prettily" whenever she and her husband socialized with others, which was not often. "I've spent my whole life being protected," says Moore, who left her Los Angeles home at 17 to marry her first husband. She was divorced less than six months before marrying Tinker. "It is amazing that it has taken me so long to say, 'Hey, wait a minute. I'm a person on my own.' "

The marriage grew shaky after the end of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. Moore proceeded to bomb in two CBS variety shows ("Shows go in cycles, and this was not the time for variety acts") and to score in a CBS drama special, *First, You Cry*. Without a regular series to consume her days, she grew increasingly edgy and restless. She doubled up on her tennis games and dancing classes and began seeing her psychiatrist more frequently. "I hated it when the press called me an ice princess, but I did share only my up experiences with friends. When you allow only those feelings to come through, it makes for cold relationships. That's been changing in the past six months."

Before coming to Broadway, Moore undertook her first serious film role in Robert Redford's first directorial effort, the forthcoming *Ordinary People*. Now she plans to do *Whose Life* for at least nine weeks. She also hopes to campaign for the ERA. "I've always been a supporter, but seldom have I lent my body and voice," says Moore. "Some day I will call Gloria [Steinem] and say, 'Here I am.' " She is under contract to CBS for an eventual new series, but has not thought about a project: "I wish to God there were some options to the slapstick, superficial sitcoms on now," she complains. "I am not frivolous, and I don't intend to spend years playing that kind of person."

Frivolous Mary Tyler Moore never has been, but she is also no longer the kind of person she once was. "I really have broken out of a shell," she says. "I am doing the things I want to do rather than should do. It's essential that I make my own decisions." With a self-deprecating laugh, she adds, "I really am a late bloomer when you stop to think about it." Whose life is it now? Clearly, it is very much Mary Tyler Moore's. ■

Mary Tyler Moore becomes a Broadway star as the paralyzed Claire Harrison

"She has a wonderful sense of humor, but she also knows what she is about."

Jail Journal

Big news at the big house

Editor Wilbert Rideau and Associate Editor Billy Sinclair cannot afford to play fast and loose with the facts. For one thing, they have to live close to their readers. For another, their readers include murderers, rapists, armed robbers and other criminals with a history of violent overreaction when provoked. Explains Rideau: "You're in a world where everybody plays for keeps."

Their world is the sprawling 4,100-inmate Louisiana state prison complex in Angola, 35 miles northwest of Baton Rouge. Their voice is the *Angolite*, the most probing and literate inmate publication in the U.S. Last week Rideau, 38, and Sinclair, 35, both convicted murderers serving life terms, won a prestigious George Polk Award for special-interest reporting. One article cited was Rideau's chilling account of homosexual rape and subjugation behind bars. Another story submitted to the Polk judges was an investigative report by Sinclair raising the possibility of misfeasance in the murder of a prisoner five years ago. As a result of Sinclair's story, the inmate convicted of the crime may win a new trial.

Wilbert Rideau

The *Angolite* (circ. 2,000) is published every other month. Each issue contains between 35 and 50 letters to the editor, news reports on matters of interest to inmates, a listing of recent court rulings and a number of feature articles. The editors move freely around the prison and make unmonitored outside telephone calls. In the company of a guard, they can venture off prison grounds to cover a story. While naturally sympathetic to inmates' positions, the *Angolite* is not a reflexive advocate. Not long ago, for example, the magazine raised inmate ire by publishing an editorial criticizing a prison-reform advocate. An associate warden reads the magazine before it goes to press, but mainly for journalistic quality. Not a single story has been killed in Rideau's four years as editor.

Neither editor made it past the ninth grade. "I'm black and urban," says Rideau. "Billy's cowboy and conservative." Rideau has written articles for national publications and is under contract to write a book upon his release. His sidekick has won tentative acceptance to law school and hopes to be a legal investigator some day. For the time being they will remain jailhouse journalists; both recently lost bids for clemency. Says Rideau: "We are sitting on a mountain of stories." ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Protecting the Accuser

The unexpected harshness of the Supreme Court decision in the case of the CIA spy who told suggests a court much preoccupied with leaks. Some critics trace this concern to the Justices' embarrassment over their own private doings as set forth in the bestselling book *The Brethren* and to the anticipated candor of the late Justice Douglas' forthcoming memoirs (*see* LAW). But the problem of leaks, and the damage they may inflict, is a real one. It has much to do with the kind of society we have become.

There are some people more worried about whether the FBI tried to entrap Congressmen than whether Congressmen were susceptible to bribery. Certainly a lot of reputations have been blackened before charges have been presented to a grand jury. Look at NBC's television cameras set up in a Winnebago van near Senator Harrison Williams' door before the FBI even comes to call on him. Who leaked the word to NBC, the New York *Times* and Long Island's *Newsday*, and why? A special federal prosecutor has been named to find out, but evidently he is not going to ask those who know best—NBC, the *Times* and *Newsday*—and if asked, they're not likely to tell.

Former Attorney General Griffin Bell suspects it was "someone who got caught in the Watergate syndrome, a paranoiac who thought the Justice Department would just sit on the whole thing, someone who thinks no one can be trusted." The New York *Times* published a long set of questions and answers about Abscam, including one on why leakers leak, but didn't think it necessary to discuss why newspapers publish information that could presumably wait until formal charges are filed. Convinced that news of Abscam was getting out, the FBI hurriedly completed its last interviews on the very Saturday that NBC, the *Times* and *Newsday*, each having checked out the facts on its own, broke the news. Naturally, nobody in charge at these three shops talks vulgarly of the thrill of a scoop.

Should the special prosecutor want to talk to Abe Rosenthal, executive editor of the *Times*, about the leak, Rosenthal would want "six lawyers at my side." The *Times* officials hesitate to discuss the subject publicly for fear of prejudicing any later legal claim to the right to remain silent. But it is not hard to discover the *Times's* attitude. It frequently knows and doesn't publish the news that prominent figures are under investigation. What made Abscam different, the *Times* feels, was the sheer size and expense of the FBI operation, almost like a Bay of Pigs. That seemed a story that needed telling even if it might violate the civil liberties of some who, if innocent, would later have to clear themselves.

Such a possibility, which bothers many lawyers, was less worrisome to NBC and *Newsday*. According to Bill Small, president of NBC News, "There was soul searching, but it's a story you had to go with. You can't sit on it. We haven't found them guilty. I can assure you that if charges are dismissed, we'll report it." Adds *Newsday's* editor Anthony Insolia: "We had it, it was accurate, we were satisfied. Our stories were very careful to point out that these were allegations. Whether the conduct was criminal or unethical is up to somebody else to decide." And if any Congressman was wrongly accused? "We'll rectify it. We're not afraid to print new developments." But might that Congressman's reputation be permanently damaged? "That's part of life. It's happened before."

So perhaps the size, sweep and nature of the FBI operation made early publication inevitable. (Rosenthal even deplores the name Abscam, which is short for Arab scam: "I wouldn't like it if the FBI had a Jewscam.") But there's still something disquieting about the way the press protects those whose leaks jeopardize due process of law or disclose security information. The *Times*, in listing the motives of leakers, says that some fear that superiors may override their findings, some long for personal credit, others with a grudge may want to punish a politician "with publicity even if an indictment is not warranted." For the sake of a good story, the press sometimes commits its own honor to shielding questionable collaborators. At least, the press should do a better job of alerting readers to the advantage someone, or some group, gains by a particular leak. Harold Macmillan, the former Prime Minister of Britain, thinks journalists are too rigid about protecting a source: "They regard themselves as having the privilege of the Roman Catholic priest. I did point out to one of them once that a priest may have to keep the confessional but he doesn't publish it in headlines."

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People

Lesley Ann Warren in antebellum finery as a Southern plantation belle

Lesley Ann Warren ages 38 years in six hours in the upcoming NBC-TV epic *Beulah Land*, about ante- and postbellum days on a Savannah, Ga., plantation. For good ole boys, the best scenes are ante. Prewar Warren is a demure but determined plantation mistress arching through Georgia with much of her Mason-Dixon lines swelling out of Deep South décolletage. *Beulah Land* was actually filmed in Natchez, Miss., where plantations have been preserved and the Southern accent is so pervasive that the Manhattan-raised actress found it easier to slip into y'alls than into cumbersome ball gowns and pantalettes. Says she: "The sound was all around me. It's difficult to drop after working a twelve-hour day."

■

Sergeant Bambi Lin Finney, 22, is the first Marine ever drummed from the corps for being out of uniform. The reason was that Bambi was way out: she wasn't even wearing her dog tags when she turned up in the latest *Playboy* as the ranking person in an all-service picture spread on women of the armed forces. Marine brass took one look at Bambi's exposed position and decided she had been sensually *infidelis;* after four years and five months in the service, the Teletype technician was given an "administrative discharge" even though her enlistment had nine more months to run. Would the Marines be just as tough in the case of a male who appeared in, say, a *Playgirl* centerfold? Yessir, said a corps spokesman. "We're not sexist."

Prince Sihanouk taking tea with Cambodian monks in Maryland

■

Cambodia's exiled **Prince Norodom Sihanouk,** 57, has a palace in North Korea's capital, Pyongyang, a residence in Peking and now honorary citizenship in the Maryland town of New Carrollton (pop. 14,000). It was conferred during Sihanouk's visit to greet Cambodian refugees living there and pray with them in a service presided over by saffron-robed monks who later feted their former ruler with cakes and tea. The Prince, who is in the U.S. to generate support for a neutral Cambodia, is also visiting refugee groups to see how they fare in a faraway land. His estimate: "We are grateful to the U.S., but those who are displaced more than anything would like to be able to return to their homeland."

Chamberlains placing *embi no ei* on Prince's head to signify manhood

Ex-Marine Finney—in uniform

■

At Tokyo's coed Gakushuin University, he enjoys belting sake and bellowing folk songs with classmates. But Japan's handsome **Prince Hiro** also respects tradition. So last week, having just turned 20, he participated in an exotic 8th century coming-of-age ceremony called *kakan no gi* (hat rites). Hiro, wearing a magnificent yellow robe, allowed chamberlains to replace the simple silk hat that once marked a minor with the ornate *embi no ei* (swallowtail ribbons) that symbolized manhood in ancient Japan. The presence of Grandfather **Emperor Hirohito,** 78, at the ceremony was especially auspicious. No other Japanese monarch has ever lived long enough to see a grandson switch hats.

On the Record

Alec McCowen, British actor, on how he settled on the subject of his prizewinning one-man stage presentation, *The Gospel According to St. Mark:* "This was the greatest script I had ever found."

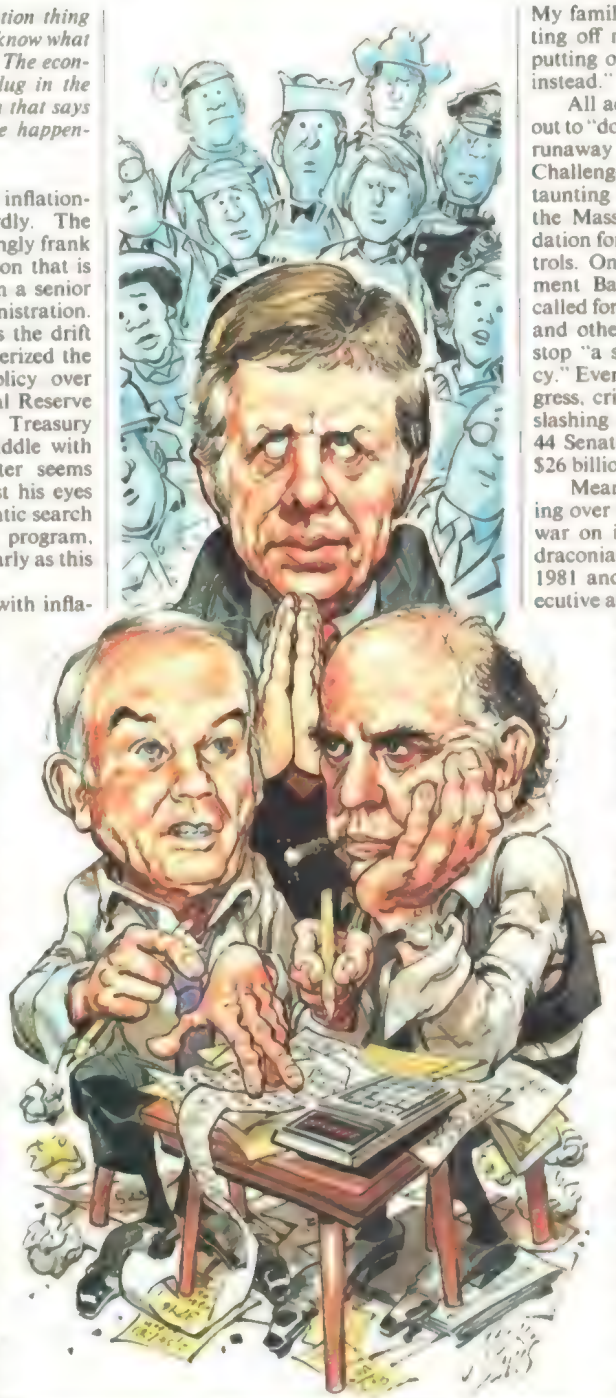
Richard Thornburgh, Pennsylvania's Governor, savoring a forthcoming trip to China: "I'm going to put aside my budget problems and Three Mile Island."

Trying Anew to Bash Inflation

As prices soar out of control, Carter searches for new economic ideas

"It's really scary. This inflation thing is frightening because we do not know what causes it, or what to do about it. The economists go to their computers, plug in the data, and out comes information that says that nothing like this should be happening. It's very, very scary stuff."

Rattled ruminations of an inflation-dazed economist? Hardly. The grim statement, a shockingly frank assessment of the price explosion that is menacing the U.S., comes from a senior official of Jimmy Carter's Administration. Moreover, it accurately reflects the drift and disarray that have characterized the Administration's economic policy over the past three years. As Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker and Treasury Secretary G. William Miller fiddle with the depressing statistics, Carter seems able to do little more than cast his eyes heavenward. Meanwhile, a frantic search for another new anti-inflation program, which could be announced as early as this week, is under way.



Though he came to office with inflation at less than 5% and the economy growing briskly, Carter has presided over economic and financial turmoil that has nearly tripled the rise in consumer prices, flattened growth, ballooned the federal debt and pushed interest rates to their highest levels in the nation's history. Last week the rate banks charge their best corporate customers rose a quarter-point to 16.75%. The so-called leading economic indicators, which seek to portend future business trends, fell in January, the fourth consecutive monthly decline. Many economists regard this as a sign that the nation is near a recession.

The renewed upward thrust of inflation was pushing the topsy-turvy economy stage center as the public's biggest single concern. With the 1980 presidential campaign now in high gear, the question of what to do about the nation's worsening economic malaise is fast becoming the key election issue. Complains Houston Housewife Betsy Clark, 48: "I don't think there's a candidate running, including the President, who can handle inflation. My family is fighting high prices by putting off major house improvements and putting our money into art and antiques instead."

All across the land, the call has gone out to "do something, do anything" to slow runaway prices. Democratic Presidential Challenger Edward Kennedy continues taunting Carter to come out and debate the Massachusetts Senator's recommendation for mandatory wage and price controls. On Wall Street, respected Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn last week called for a yearlong wage and price freeze and other inflation-fighting measures to stop "a slide toward national bankruptcy." Even in normally free-spending Congress, cries went up to fight inflation by slashing budgets. A bipartisan group of 44 Senators signed a petition calling for $26 billion in spending cuts next year.

Meanwhile the President began mulling over the hard choices in the renewed war on inflation. The major options: 1) draconian cuts in the fat budget for fiscal 1981 and perhaps even for 1980; 2) Executive action to enact a program of credit controls that would curb the growth of bank lending to businesses or consumers; 3) a new excise tax on gasoline in order to cut energy consumption and curb the inflationary import of foreign oil; and 4) a request to Congress for permission to levy wage and price controls.

There was no indication, however, that the emerging program would solve the fundamental befuddlement in Administration economic management. Carter himself exhibited the confusion last week by saying at separate points in a single interview that the nation's economic situation had "reached a crisis stage" and that his economic policies "suit me fine."

Others were hardly complacent. Snapped J. Robert Fluor, chairman of Fluor Corp., a leading manufacturing and construction firm: "Carter has vacillated so much that I find it difficult to know what he wants or doesn't want." Sneered a New York banker in reference to the President: "Inflation has caught us between a marshmallow and a hard place."

The Administration's scramble to re-tune its policy be-

gan almost from the moment that Carter first received his routine advance copy of the Labor Department's latest Consumer Price Index data on Feb. 21. As expected, January's 1.4% increase, or a compound annual growth of 18.2%, was the steepest of any month since August 1973. The figure made plain enough what White House Economic Advisers Charles Schultze and Alfred Kahn had been warning about since well before Christmas: rising oil prices, higher interest rates and a frantic "buy it now before it costs more" inflation psychology were pushing prices out of control.

That, coupled with the fear that any rise in inflation was bound eventually to benefit Senator Kennedy in the Democratic primaries, galvanized the Administration into action. Though he had originally been scheduled for a Sunday-night telephone session with voters before last week's New Hampshire primary, the President himself scrapped the politicking and plunged into an anti-inflation brainstorming session. From 6 p.m. to 8:15 p.m., Carter, along with Chief Domestic Adviser Stuart Eizenstat, Budget Director James McIntyre, Chief Economic Adviser Schultze, Energy Secretary Charles Duncan and Treasury Secretary Miller, reviewed the glum news and options in the Treaty Room of the White House.

One adviser urged an immediate Camp David summit of national leaders. Eizenstat proposed mandatory wage and price restraints and won some support. The President, though, remained opposed on the basis of the Nixon freeze and controls in 1971-73, when prices exploded once the controls were removed.

The conflicting advice at the meeting exemplified the confusion of Carter's economic policymakers, who increasingly resemble an orchestra in search of a conductor. Treasury Secretary Miller is described by White House economic aides as "very slick and facile," but has been distracted by questions as to the accuracy of his testimony to Senate investigators about $5.4 million in bribes paid while he was chairman of Textron Inc.

So economic policy runs constantly at sixes and sevens. Anti-inflation actions, such as the wage and price guidelines, have repeatedly been half measures taken halfheartedly. Says Yale's William Nordhaus, a former member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers: "The Administration backed off from its anti-inflation policy all along the way. The policy has been a hollow shell."

The Carter economic rhetoric has long diverged from the Carter reality. Having campaigned on a promise to balance the fiscal 1981 budget, the President piled up a mountainous and inflationary cumulative deficit that by the end of this fiscal year in September is expected to total $116 billion. The fiscal 1981 budget that the President submitted to Congress last month is now likely to add as much as $30 billion more to the federal debt.

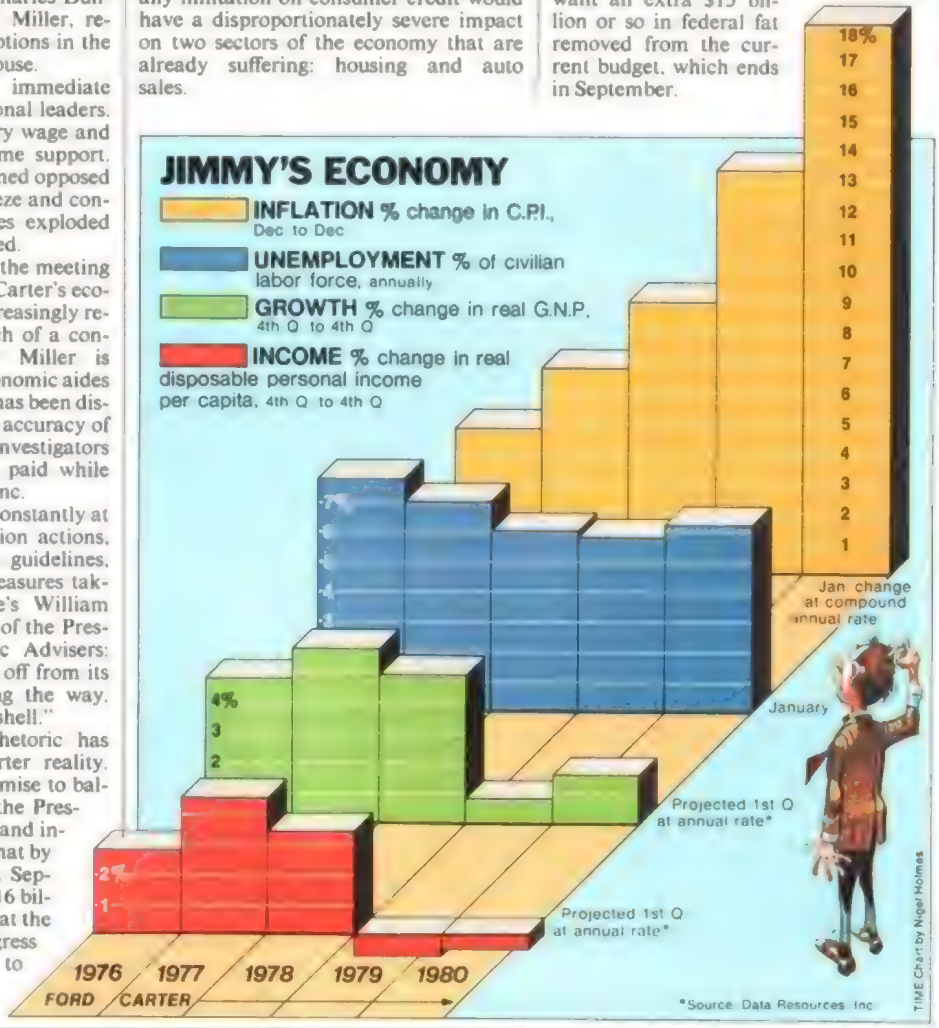
Though the Administration clearly runs the risk of raising expectations too high over what is likely to emerge from its policy review, economists both in and out of Government now increasingly expect to see at least some stiffer measures to limit the explosive and inflationary growth of credit. Says Gary Wenglowski, director of economic research for Wall Street's Goldman, Sachs investment firm: "I'd give odds of 60 to 40 that the Administration's new package will include credit controls."

Unlike wage and price restrictions, which require congressional authorization before enactment, the President could impose credit controls immediately under a 1969 federal law. Anticipation that the White House was on the verge of actually issuing such an order kept the bond market, which is highly sensitive to inflation expectations, in a state of wild agitation all week.

Federal Reserve Board Chairman Volcker, who would be responsible for administering any program of credit controls, remains opposed in principle to the concept. He objects, in addition, because any limitation on consumer credit would have a disproportionately severe impact on two sectors of the economy that are already suffering: housing and auto sales.

Although Volcker still retains enormous respect from the business and banking communities, he is beginning to come under some criticism for failing to tighten down on credit and the money supply enough to cool off inflation. Says John F. McGillicuddy, chairman of New York City's Manufacturers Hanover Trust: "Money has not been particularly tight in large money-center banks. It has been expensive, but not all that tight." Selective credit controls, which could perhaps include a boost in the down payment required for a house or auto loan or an increase in the minimum monthly payment on a Master Charge or Visa card, would be a quick and easy way for the Fed to try to accomplish what a rise in interest rates has so far failed to achieve. Predicts a top Administration policymaker: "Volcker is still philosophically opposed to controls, but I think he's beginning to budge."

A renewed effort to cut federal spending is also gathering force. The 1981 budget submitted only five weeks ago is virtually a dead letter. Administration officials are now hoping to reduce the proposed $15.8 billion deficit to zero. Some top economists like Arthur Okun want an extra $15 billion or so in federal fat removed from the current budget, which ends in September.



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There is plenty of room to cut and trim in Carter's bulging budget. A study by the Congressional Budget Office shows that $50 billion could be saved in the 1981 budget, and fully $544 billion over the following five years, by trimming such boondoggles as impact aid for schools, a program that dishes out tens of millions of dollars yearly to some of the richest school districts in the nation. Carter aides last week were examining potential cuts in Social Security programs, food stamps and veterans' benefits. A whopping $6.9 billion could be saved by discontinuing federal grants to often wealthy state and local governments, but the President has avoided that politically unpopular move.

Despite the new frugal spirit on Capitol Hill, Congress may still blink when it comes to actual budget reductions. Senators and Congressmen have long records of willingness to cut every program —except ones that affect them or their districts. The result is lots of spending and few cuts. But if inflation is ever to be controlled, Congress must be willing to reduce even its sacred pork-barrel programs.

Cutting the budget and reducing the explosive growth of money and credit are both essential to the long-term improvement in the nation's inflation prospects. But the most vital task of all is the adoption of an energy policy that sharply and lastingly reduces dependence on foreign oil. During 1980, the nation's ever climbing bill for imported oil will rise to $90 billion, a 20-fold increase since the 13-nation OPEC cartel first began pushing up its prices seven years ago.

Last week a House-Senate conference committee approved a key measure in President Carter's energy program by adopting a $227.3 billion windfall-profits tax on oil companies. This tax is part of the phased decontrol of oil prices. By allowing the controlled U.S. price to rise to the world level, which now averages $30 per bbl., the Administration hopes that energy consumption will be reduced and domestic production increased. The President is expected to sign the bill later this month

Foreign money markets and finance ministries will be closely watching the development of the new Carter anti-inflation program. Although the dollar has remained strong on exchange markets during the past few weeks, a weak policy from Washington could set off another run on the dollar. Former West German Central Bank President Otmar Emminger urged the President to adopt an "emergency package." Said he: "Gradualism is not the answer when you have such a deeply embedded inflationary psychology." But officials abroad remain skeptical. Concluded a top official in the West German Economics Ministry: "They know what they have to do in Washington. But they're afraid to bite the bullet."

The demands from all quarters to do something—do anything—about inflation show the deep American concern about this malignant problem. President Carter's attempts to slip the blame off onto Congress for failing to adopt his energy program fast enough or onto OPEC for raising prices are not being accepted. Only 2.2% of last year's 13.3% inflation was caused by OPEC price increases. West Germany has faced the same OPEC problems, and imports more of its oil than does the U.S. Yet 1979 inflation in that country was 5.5%. Says former Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns: "The American people are now refusing to believe the demagogic cry that OPEC and the oil companies are to blame. The people are asking for leadership, but unfortunately, they are not getting any. We need more pain and more leadership."

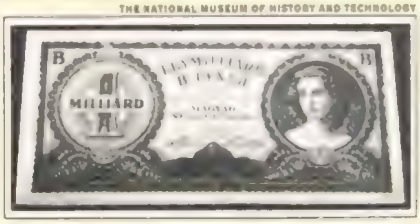
Carter's herculean task in drafting and then selling another anti-inflation program is to propose measures sufficiently tight that they will break the inflationary psychology. He must prove to the U.S public that sharply rising prices have not become a permanent part of the American way of life. If the President fails, the consequences would be serious, both politically and economically. Says former Carter Economic Adviser Nordhaus: "If this keeps up, we're going to be living in a world of 10% or 11% inflation indefinitely." In fact, if present trends continue, inflation at those levels could look like the good old days. ■

Hyping the Inflation Rate

Around the cluttered White House offices last week, a new term was being uttered in often hushed terms: hyperinflation. Price rises can no longer be easily labeled creeping or even galloping. Said one nervous Carter aide: "People in meetings are really talking about hyperinflation."

By any historic standard, such talk is still very premature. The alltime inflation record holder is 1946 Hungary, which issued 100,000,000,000,000,000,000 pengö bills worth about $10. Before World War II, a pengö had been worth 20¢. Germany between World Wars I and II suffered 4 trillion percent inflation, and Germans pushing wheelbarrows of money often valued the wheelbarrow more highly than all the currency inside. Currently the top inflation rates prevail in Israel, Argentina and Brazil.

Economists differ in their explanation of how a country leaves simply galloping inflation and enters the stratosphere of hyperinflation, where prices may go up 1,000% per month. But all agree there is some inflation flash point at which people become convinced that prices will never stop rising and lose all confidence in their currency. Says former Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns: "At that time it appears that anything is better than holding money. People start putting everything into any tangible good they can find."



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND TECHNOLOGY

Confetti currency: Hungary's 1946 pengö

The true danger of any inflation, especially hyperinflation, is that it will ultimately destroy the sinews of society: when money loses its value, the wise spend and speculate, while only fools save and invest. The public turns cynical about government, and everything, especially work, appears meaningless. Describing the impact of runaway inflation in 1791 during the French Revolution, Chronicler Louis Blanc later wrote: "Commerce was dead; betting took its place." History's great inflations have almost always been followed by a dictator who promised among other things to restore the currency's value. Napoleon, Hitler and Mao Tse-tung all rode to power on the back of hyperinflation.

Such runaway prices and social upheaval could never happen in the U.S.—or could they? Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Nixon, six years ago collaborated with his writer son Benjamin on a novel called *On the Brink*. It describes the aftermath of an OPEC price increase to the then incredible level of $38 per bbl. The populist Federal Reserve chairman decides to help the President, plagued with 25% inflation, by printing money night and day. The result: Coca-Cola sells for $1.350 a six-pack, short cab rides cost $6,000 and wheat is $5 million a bushel. Soon violent rioting breaks out, and thousands die. In both history and fiction, the first step in any government's cure for hyperinflation is to convince the people that it is serious about taking the necessary steps to halt the price explosion.

Porno Pets

Kodak refuses to return the naughty nudes

Penthouse magazine has earned the deserved reputation of always being one raunchy step ahead of the kiosk pack of popular skin mags. But the last step was one too far for Eastman Kodak, which has been developing the explicit color sex shots taken by *Penthouse* Publisher Bob Guccione. Kodak last year refused to deliver 239 out of 1,500 slides taken of Model Teresa Mackey that it considered raw and obscene. Now, faced with the threat that his photos will be destroyed, Guccione has filed a suit against Kodak in a New Jersey superior court demanding return of the film and an as yet unspecified amount in damages.

This was not the first time that the sex magazine had a run-in with Kodak. Last July the film processor withheld 285 out of 2,000 slides showing Pet of the Year Cheryl Rixon. Eventually *Penthouse's* lawyer, Joseph Kraft, picked up the pictures at Kodak's plant at Fair Lawn, N.J., along with a warning not to ask for similar shots to be developed in the future. The magazine had been sending its Pet of the Month Kodachrome film to the company for developing for more than seven years. Only in those two cases was it seized.

Kodak's legal justification for seizing "obscene" film is far from clear, but the company cites court rulings in Georgia and Texas to support its case. These, it argues, show that the firm may be held criminally liable for distributing pornography if it develops and returns sexually explicit photographs. Kodak has been quietly censoring commercial and family photos for decades. In the 1930s, snaps of nudes and even women in skimpy bathing suits were not returned; and in the '60s, neither were shots showing pubic hair. Both of those are now allowed, with the changing of public morals and the company's standards. But Kodak still draws the line at photos that show "ultimate sexual acts" and the "lewd exhibition of genitals." *Penthouse's* slides apparently fell into the last category.

Kraft suggests that Kodak has recently tightened its standards. *Penthouse* first learned of the suspected tougher stance when a freelance photographer employed in Los Angeles had some slides withheld. Says Kraft: "We took a wait-and-see attitude. But when they kept a set of shots done by Guccione and followed that by withholding more film taken by our art director, we felt we could not sit back." Kraft adds that *Penthouse* has had calls from individuals who say that their slides were confiscated. He suggests that since the volume of amateur photography is far larger than that of professionals, it is likely that much more private pornography than commercial work gets confiscated.

The photo company insists that it does not employ censors to view all the rolls sent in by the public. But it refuses to explain just how it determines what is acceptable or how it picks out the material that is not returned. It claims that it will provide an explanation of these points later this month when it replies to the *Penthouse* legal action. Sources suggest that Kodak may concentrate its picture review on the big batches of film sent in by commercial photographers. Or it may use the practice adopted by Competitor Berkey Photo, which leaves the difficult task of judging obscenity to the individual plant managers. Potentially offending shots are often spotted only when crowds of employees begin gathering to take a sly peek.

STAN WAL_NORSE

***Penthouse* Pet of the Year Cheryl Rixon**

The developers rule nix on pix.

Penthouse claims that the suit raises basic First Amendment rights. The magazine will argue that obscenity is judged on the basis of the whole work—the entire photo essay and not just unedited shots. It will suggest that a company that contracts to develop film does not have the expertise or the right to rule on the sexual mores of the day and the current definition of obscenity. *Penthouse* will ask for damages to pay for lost printing time due to delays in receiving the Cheryl Rixon pictures. Kodak stresses that it has previously faced similar suits involving obscene pictures and won. Obscenity, like beauty, is obviously in the eye of the developer as well as in that of the beholder. ■

Goody Behavior

Piracy on the high Cs

Sam Goody started a popular chain of New York record stores by buying old jazz recordings for resale. Last week a Brooklyn grand jury indicted Sam Goody Inc., President George Levy and Vice President Samuel Stolon for illegally improving on the founder's good thing. Goody and its officers were charged with counterfeiting eight-track tapes and cassettes and then selling them in their stores. They are also accused of returning unsold counterfeits to the record companies for credit as original merchandise.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation uncovered the Goody scam through one of its now glamorous "sting" operations. The FBI probe started three years ago, when a strike force opened a record shop in Westbury, Long Island, with agents posing as owners and employees. A total of more than 200,000 cloned tapes worth millions were eventually involved. Most of the fakes were sound tracks of the movies *Grease* and *Saturday Night Fever*. Other popular copies included hits by Pop Stars Billy Joel, Olivia Newton-John and Paul McCartney.

The record industry has been plagued in recent years by piracy, which costs it an estimated $400 million annually in lost sales. Says Joseph Smith, chairman of the board of Elektra/Asylum/Nonesuch Records: "Counterfeiting of records and tapes is getting to be big business. They aren't playing games now. These things are damn good quality. It's hard to tell the imitations even when they come back to us as returns."

Duplicating records and tapes is now a fairly cheap and easy process, costing about $1 for a record and somewhat less for an eight-track tape. Smith charges that organized crime figures steal so-called master stamps, which permit nearly perfect reproduction copies. Album covers are then duplicated with the skill of a forger making a $100 bill.

The average buyer would have trouble distinguishing the phony from the original either in appearance or audio quality. Both usually retail for the same $6-to-$9 price, thus giving the retailer a huge profit. The losers in the pirated music business are the recording artists and Uncle Sam. Artists and producers receive no royalties from the clones, and the Government collects no taxes.

The pirates usually restrict themselves to plundering pop recordings because classical and jazz albums do not sell well enough to make duplicating profitable. Counterfeiters are said to have sold almost as many copies of *John Denver's Greatest Hits* as RCA, the singer's legitimate recording company. The death of Elvis Presley and the subsequent demand for his songs have been a pirate's gold mine. Among the cloned hits: *Jailhouse Rock*. ■

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Uncle Miltie

Economics by travelogue

Leave it to television to figure out how to give the dismal science some Hollywood glitter. *Free to Choose*, Nobel-prizewinning Economist Milton Friedman's current ten-part series on the Public Broadcasting Service, has turned economics into an eye-filling travelogue. As the sun slowly sets on beautiful Hong Kong harbor, the shirt-sleeved Friedman credits the crown colony's prosperity to the absence of government controls on business. In gaudy Las Vegas, Friedman expounds on the workings of the market system while standing next to a working roulette wheel. Later, thundering Niagara Falls represents Canada, where an asthmatic American housewife must go to obtain a medicine that Government regulation has banned in the good old U.S.A.

"The policy of the TV programs is not to persuade anybody," says Friedman, but to "make people think in a different way." The shows nonetheless provide the economist with an electronic platform where he can expound his beliefs in less government regulation and controlling the money supply as the key to halting inflation. Each program consists of half an hour of economics-*cum*-travelogue, followed by another half-hour discussion among Friedman, adversaries like Socialist Michael Harrington or National Highway Traffic Safety Administrator Joan Claybrook and supporters like U.C.L.A. Economist Thomas Sowell.

According to Robert Chitester, president of Erie, Pa., station WQLN, who is responsible for television's newest Uncle Miltie, the show's reception has been "encouraging." But in New York *Free to Choose* is getting barely 2% of the audience because its 5 p.m. Sunday time slot puts it up against prime sports viewing hours. Friedman in recent weeks has been no match for the *Wide World of Sports*.

The public reaction to the show, nonetheless, has been good. Friedman says he has received a stream of letters, "on the whole about 90% favorable." In Britain, where the show is also being aired, one of the biggest fans is Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Last week a cartoon in *Punch* showed the P.M. and her Secretary of State for Industry, Sir Keith Joseph, bowing reverently before a TV set tuned in to Friedman.

Like a good card-carrying capitalist, Friedman has turned the television series into a cottage industry. He and his wife Rose have written a book to go along with the programs. It is also entitled *Free to Choose* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95) and amplifies his thoughts on the relationship between political and economic freedom.

About 107,000 copies of the book have been sold so far, and after four weeks on the New York *Times* nonfiction bestseller list, it is now in second place. The TV program has also spawned a 16-mm film of the series at $6,200 and video cassettes at $4,800 for the economics student who might wish to see an instant replay of the causes for the Great Depression. There are also 15 video-taped lectures called "Milton Friedman Speaks" available at $500 a show or $7,000 for the lot. With the expected profits, Friedman should be able to pay for a return trip to all those beautiful places in the series. ■

Economist Milton Friedman in India

Hollywood glitter for the dismal science.

Rent-a-Suit

The ultimate uniform

For the inflation-squeezed executive who cannot keep up with the sartorially splendid Jones in the next office, it is a dream come true. Top-of-the-rung men's or women's $500 suits for a modest monthly charge, eligible for trade-in when lapels narrow or hemlines drop —and there may even be a corporate tax deduction. That's the sales spiel of new "suit leasing" and "wardrobe analysis" firms.

The rent-a-suit scheme originated a few years ago in Great Britain, where companies have mastered the art of executive perquisites because exorbitantly high tax rates wipe out almost all benefits of high salaries. Now an old-line Baltimore suit manufacturer, Haas Tailoring Co., is using the idea, and President Irving Neuman is besieged with telephone calls from prospective customers. Says he: "Business is growing like Topsy."

A company buys professional advice to dress executives in the proper corporate uniform and leases a rack of clothes —both costs presumably tax deductible. Haas prefers a minimum corporate order of $5,000 for a recommended two-year lease of twelve suits priced at about $400 apiece. The Internal Revenue Service is stonewalling comment on rent-a-suits because there are no existing rulings or regulations. In the meantime, companies assume it is a tax write-off.

Rent-a-suit has already spread to California, where the Los Angeles women's clothesmaker Smart Modes plans to initiate a similar operation. "One out of every five executives who thinks he is dressing for success, dresses to offend," says Author (*Dress for Success*) and Clothing Consultant John T. Molloy. "There is going to be a whole flurry of companies doing this." ■

Fuel Takes Off

Airline earnings are grounded

To cut down on weight and save fuel, Charles Lindbergh flew the Atlantic in 1927 with neither a radio nor a parachute. Half a century later, airlines are still trying desperately to conserve fuel. The reason right now is that the average cost of jet fuel has soared from 40¢ to 85¢ per gal. in the past twelve months. This year the twelve largest U.S. carriers will spend almost $10 billion, about 30% of their operating budgets, for jet-engine fuel. That is an increase of 20% over last year. Fuel has become so expensive that six of the ten largest lines are expected to lose money this year, and the other four carriers to see earnings erode.

In order to cut down costs, airlines are now developing ingenious means of conserving fuel. Planes are flying higher, since the thinner air at lofty altitudes causes less drag, thus giving more miles to the gallon. At Eastern Air Lines "dog legs," or indirect routes to include out-of-the-way stopovers, have been eliminated. Heavy jet-fuel drinkers like the Boeing 707 are being phased out in favor of more abstemious planes, like the DC-10 or the 747. In order to cut 60 to 250 lbs. off a jet's weight, Eastern has even stripped the white paint off its fleet, revealing the silvery, polished metal underneath. The fuel saving: almost $1 million per year. Workers are coating the leading edges of some Pan American, Delta and Continental/Air Micronesia jet wings with a plastic substance that cuts down on air friction, reducing drag and saving up to $30,000 a year in fuel costs per aircraft.

Eventually, of course, passengers will pay for most of the increased energy costs. Last week the Civil Aeronautics Board gave the airlines permission to increase domestic fares by 2.5% to help offset rising fuel prices and other costs. Air fares have now risen 28.5% in the past year. ■

The British Illness Strikes Again

Margaret Thatcher's noble experiment hits hard times

When Margaret Thatcher became Britain's first woman Prime Minister last May, she promised nothing less than an economic revolution. During a secure five-year mandate, she would start to reform a socialist economy plagued by years of economic stagnation, inflation, unemployment and industrial strife —whatever the cost. Now, after only ten months of the Iron Lady's rule, the cost of those policies for many Britons is already proving too high.

Last week, the Labor Party filed its first motion of no confidence against the new government, specifically aimed at its economic and financial policies. Thatcher won that test easily because of her party's 43-seat House of Commons majority. But that was only the initial skirmish. The Prime Minister insisted a year ago that the British economy could not be turned around without many tough, unpopular decisions. No Mary Poppins with a spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down, once in office she quickly cut spending, lifted interest rates and reduced income taxes, but raised sales taxes and relaxed all exchange controls. She promised that the difficult measures would eventually result in a more vigorous economy.

Mrs. Thatcher's program, though, has been heavily buffeted amid a gale of bad economic news. Inflation has risen from 8% to 18% and confidential government studies suggest that unemployment, only 1.3 million last spring, will rise to over 2 million next year. Businesses cut capital spending by 3% last year and will drop it another 10% this year. The 1979 current trade deficit totaled $5.5 billion, *vs.* a 1978 surplus of $1.5 billion. The British Treasury, in a gloomy report, now suggests that this year's projected economic slump will be even worse than the 1973-74 decline.

But the worsening outlook and the criticism have not fazed the government, which is determined to free Britain from 30 years of Keynesian economic theory and even more government involvement in the economy. In an interview with TIME's Frank Melville, Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Geoffrey Howe talked openly of the "almost frighteningly bad" economic outlook. But, he added, "people have still not appreciated the scale of difficulties. They have got to understand the length of time which will be necessary to achieve modest but firm steps in the right direction. Within four years, we should be able to point to things bigger than seedlings but smaller than saplings."

Thatcher's No. 1 priority is beating inflation. A close follower of the monetarist theories of Nobel Laureate Milton Friedman, Thatcher has tightened money and cut government spending. The growth in money supply has been curbed, and interest rates have risen to alltime peaks. Mortgages now cost 15% and a car loan 20%

The second part of the Thatcher strategy, involving spending cuts and less propping up of ailing government industries, has been vigorously pushed. Last June $7.5 billion was shaved off the previous Labor government's spending plan Still tougher classical Conservative medicine is coming. This year's budget, due this month, will include higher health prescription charges and big cuts in funds for new hospitals, roads, subsidized housing and schools

After a trying start, Mrs. Thatcher now faces her most severe test: the labor unions. Right now the government is suffering from a ten-week-old strike by iron and steel workers and blast furnacemen against state-owned British Steel. The two unions, which are demanding a raise of more than 20%, have already rejected a 13% annual pay hike. The steel confrontation has already produced some uncharacteristic violence, with pickets battling police and pelting Industry Secretary Sir Keith Joseph with rotten eggs.

Most union leaders remain hostile to the government. Said Len Murray, general secretary of the Trades Union Congress, the British equivalent of the AFL-CIO: "We are being attacked and clobbered by Margaret Thatcher." Tight credit is expected to send 3,500 small businesses into bankruptcy this year—some 1,000 more than usual. Nonetheless, business remains a staunch supporter of Thatcher and her hard economic line Says Keith Showering, chairman of the large Allied Breweries conglomerate "The lady has done more for British business in a shorter period than any Prime Minister since the war. She has given us everything we asked for."

But voices of opposition to the tough Thatcher are starting to grow within her Conservative Party ranks and even within her own Cabinet. Members of Parliament, fearful about re-election, say that her uncompromising free enterprise philosophy should be tempered. Thatcher's strong personal style has offended some former backers. Said Conservative M.P Julian Critchley: "Thatcher is didactic, tart and obstinate. She has elevated economics above politics in an almost Marxist fashion, and it cannot be long before the Conservative Party will pay the price." Without some signs soon of payoffs in the battle against inflation, the growing unrest in the Labor Party, in unions and within her own ranks may condemn Margaret Thatcher's noble experiment. ■

OLIVER WATERLOW—CAMERA PRESS LONDON

Angry U.K. steelworkers demonstrating to support the pay demands of fellow workers at state-owned British Steel

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Thoroughbreds from Venice

The San Marco horses at Manhattan's Metropolitan

One of the dirtiest political deals in history was made in 1202, when the Venetian Republic agreed to ship the Fourth Crusade to the Holy Land to conquer the infidel. An army of some 35,000 men, including hairy Frankish thugs as well as idealistic Catholic knights, assembled on the Lido, but no ships appeared: the Venetians wanted more money for the transport job. After months of delay and misery, the deal was made: as part of the fare, the Crusaders agreed to make a detour on their way to Palestine to seize Constantinople, the capital of the Byzantine Empire, so that Venice could plunder it.

Under the fearsome Doge Enrico Dandolo, the armada sailed and, by April 1204, the greatest city in the world lay prostrate; in an act of unparalleled treachery, the most powerful Roman Catholic state in Italy had destroyed its religious rival, the seat of the Eastern Orthodox Church. Tremendous booty was brought back from Constantinople to Venice. So thorough was the stripping that the soldiers even destroyed icons to get their gold leaf; 200 years later, when the last of the Byzantine emperors made a pathetic state visit to Venice, a shrewd onlooker noticed that the jewels in his crown were all paste.

Among the bullion, jewels, plate, rare marble and statuary the fleet brought back, the most celebrated work of art was a group of four antique gilt-bronze horses that Dandolo gave to his republic. They were hoisted, as supreme emblems of conquest, onto pedestals above the entrance to the San Marco Basilica. There they remained for some 750 years, except for a period when they were stolen by Napoleon, and when they were taken down for safekeeping during the two World Wars. Today the horses of San Marco remain the most famous bronzes to survive from the ancient world. But fame does not immunize bronze against pollution, and so to save the horses from the ravages of the fallout from the industrial center of Mestre in Venice, they have been taken down from the church. They will be put in a museum and replaced, on the basilica's façade, by carefully copied understudies.

One of the four horses has been sent traveling again and may now be seen sumptuously installed, together with an admirable group of other bronzes, carvings and drawings of horses, at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art. "The Horses of San Marco," which remains at the Met until June 1, is an exemplary show. It is full of insights into one of the great images of antiquity and the Renaissance, Equus seen as a symbol of the transactions between nature and culture. The show also demonstrates how the influence of the animals in Venice has survived for more than seven centuries, in copies, studies, models and full-scale figures ranging from medieval miniatures to Antonio Canova's design for a monument to George Washington.

No sculptures from the ancient world have been more exhaustively studied, analyzed, X-rayed, measured and probed than the San Marco horses, but it is still not clear when they were made, or by whom. Certainly they are not, as was once supposed, works by Lysippus, the great Greek sculptor of the 4th century B.C. Current opinion puts them much later, in the 2nd century A.D., and considers them Roman, not Greek. If so, the horse at the Met is roughly contemporary with the finest of all Roman equestrian bronzes, the statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol in Rome.

As sculpture, the San Marco horses do not really equal the massive, noble modeling and sheer formal energy of the Marcus Aurelius. The curves of the horse at the Met are almost languid, its transitions smoother, the sense of muscular tension and vigor less commanding. But it is still magnificent, even in comparison with the other sculptures at the show; among these is a bronze horse's head from the Florence Archaeological Museum which, with its flaring, taut musculature, rhythmic neck folds and elegantly articulated mane, is the very essence of forceful Hellenistic realism.

The image of the hero on horseback —human intelligence bending brute nature to its command—was central to Renaissance art, and its main antique prototypes were the Marcus Aurelius, an equestrian statue in Pavia called the *Regisole* (long since destroyed) and the San Marco group. Almost all the major artists of the Renaissance, from Pisanello in the 15th century to Giambologna in the 16th, consulted the Venice horses; when Leonardo da Vinci was faced with the problem of designing a horseback monument to the Milanese warrior Gian Giacomo Trivulzio, he took them as his starting point, varying their massive poses and calm, advancing gait in numerous drawings, five exquisite examples of which are in the Met show. Only when the 17th century—under the influence of Rubens and Bernini—demanded more intricate, twisting, rearing, active poses for the horse in art did the pervasive influence of these creatures decline. Yet even then it was soon to be revived in the 18th century by the great Venetian neoclassicist Antonio Canova.

What this show presents, therefore, is something more than a Thoroughbred stable: it is a cross-section view of the growth of one of the fundamental visual images of Western culture. One can only admire the elegance, tact and precision with which the Met and the Italian scholars involved in this delectable project have mounted it.

— ***Robert Hughes***

The bronze from the basilica: Equus as symbol of transactions between nature and culture

Out of a dirty political deal, one of the great images of antiquity and the Renaissance

Going After the Real Nuts

The Ramones join with Phil Spector to top off the new wave

Two things may help, at least initially. First, while considering the new Ramones album, *End of the Century*, a kind of LP *Hellzapoppin*, grab a scorecard. A pencil would help too.

The Ramones is a wonderfully zany new-wave band from the nether suburbs of Manhattan. (Now, pencils up.) The moniker shared by Joey, Johnny, Dee Dee and Marky gives the group its cozy familial name, although—pencils ready—none of the Ramones is related. In fact—start writing!—none of the Ramones is a Ramone. Joey is Jeffrey, scion of the Hyman family of Forest Hills, Queens, but he has no brother named Johnny, whose true surname is Cummings and who is in no way related to either Dee Dee, who started life as Douglas Colvin, or Marky, born Bell, who joined the Ramones family after Tommy Ramone, whose real name is Erdelyi, dropped out of the group, pleading road fatigue and work pressure. Got that? There will be a quiz tomorrow morning.

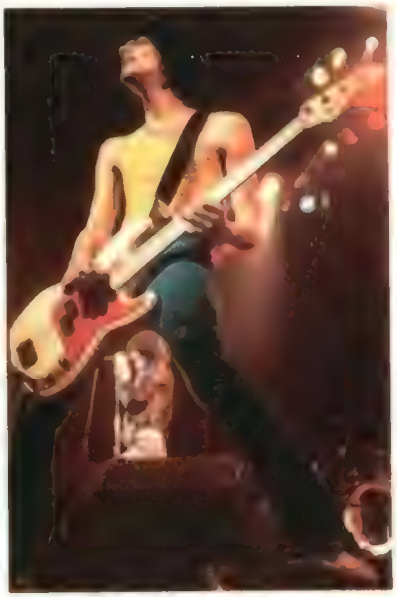
Marky lays down the beat

Confronted with the cold biographical facts, Lead Guitarist Johnny Ramone clams up like a good JD facing his first joyride rap. "We never say our real names," he allows with teasing stubbornness that combines the flirtatiousness of a starlet who has just been asked her age and the sacred silence of a button man pleading the Fifth. If pressed, Johnny will elaborate: "We can't subject our parents to this. I never told them in the beginning about the band. They'd have said, 'Stop this, you can't even play a song.' I waited until we had an album before I told them. Now they're happy." "Yeah," adds Joey, with the half-speed weariness of a shell-shocked veteran of the star wars. "But now they say, 'Why aren't you as big as Kiss?' "

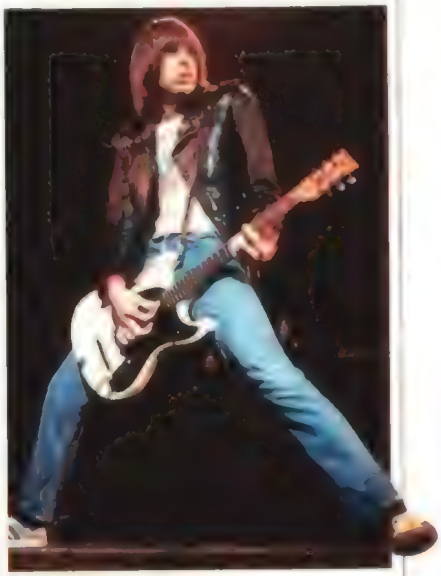
The folks should relax. The Ramones may never sell records like Kiss, but their inspired, self-parodying lunacy and sideways sophistication have given an antic and raucous heartbeat to the often sober-sided American new wave. "I like people to take us seriously," insisted Lead Singer Joey to TIME's John Buckman. "It's no joke, no novelty act. We're not clowns." The nice thing about the Ramones is that one can take them seriously and have a good laugh at the same time. Tunes like *Sheena Is a Punk Rocker* and *Rockaway Beach* are feckless, speedy japes that play fast and loose with rock styles and traditions even as they pay tribute to them. Onstage, the boys look like aging incorrigibles, the bottom four students in the remedial class at vocational high school. They play with headlong, madcap and deliberately amateurish intensity punctuated with agog appraisals of the audience. Gazing out at the roistering hordes, the Ramones look like a quartet of glue sniffers who have just crashed a model-plane convention. Adoring audiences respond in kind; they cheer when Joey brandishes a black and yellow sign that reads GABBA GABBA HEY!, the Ramones' own *e pluribus unum*.

Joey: Why not as big as Kiss?

"It's no joke. We're not clowns."



Dee Dee: "Gabba Gabba Hey!"



Johnny: Spare the parents

Ridiculed in some quarters for their tattered musical talents, the Ramones in fact let fly with a very basic but very winning instrumental intensity and write songs of underhanded subtlety. Their melodies, which deliberately evoke memories of the Top 40 circa 1960, fall somewhere between *American Bandstand* and a rent party. Slow sales, slight chart action, intermittent air play and a sense of being trapped by their own well-rounded limitations drew them to Phil Spector. A producer responsible for some of the greatest vintage rock, Spector put the band through his often intricate, sometimes tortuous studio paces, came up with an album that smooths the Ramones out without cutting them down.

End of the Century is a neat and boisterous meeting of the traditional and the vanguard, with no quarter asked or given on either side. The album begins with a bit of pyrotechnical nostalgia, *Do You Remember Rock 'n' Roll Radio?*, then rockets on through some tough short stories (*Chinese Rock*, a scary dope song, and *Let's Go*, a tidy account of mercenary activity) and some wistful sentiment (*Danny Says*). There are rest stops for punk satire (*The Return of Jackie and Judy*) and mean strutting (*High Risk Insurance*)

Photographs for TIME by Robert Ellis

There's even time for the unofficial class anthem, *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, the title tune of a rambunctious B picture that brought the Ramones to the drive-in circuit. The whole album is the kind of virtuoso feat one expects from Spector, but it is livelier and more intense than anything he's done since his work with John Lennon. For the Ramones, it's both a consolidation and a subtle change-up; a record that proves professionalism does not have to dull the gleaming amateur edge the Ramones like to affect. *End of the Century* might even help avert the grim destiny that Johnny Ramone, during dark days, can see looming ahead. "It'd be terrible to spend ten years being a rock-'n'-roll star," he frets, "and then go out and have to get a job."

■ ■ ■

Pass Phil Spector's wrought-iron gates above Sunset Strip, and you're on posted ground. To get to the 40-room Spanish mansion at the end of the road, one must negotiate four speed bumps, pass through an electrified fence and heed the warnings about burglar services, armed guards and watchdogs, then reconsider the owner's written notice that YOU ARE HERE AT YOUR OWN RISK AND ARE HEREBY ADVISED TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. Not even Charles Foster Kane required such baronial fortification; it would have been easier to crash Xanadu.

Once past all the obstacles, alarms and early-warning systems, there is a final notification for visitors right inside the front door. Just underfoot, in fact. One welcome mat carries the injunction GET LOST! A second simply demands WIPE YOUR FEET, STUPID. Spector would have everyone believe that he dwells in the outer darkness, but all the barriers, threats and entreaties are really just billboards erected for the incidental glorification of rock's most baroque imagination. They are, in fact, like many of the records he has produced over the past two decades, brazen, grandiose and wittily orchestrated for maximum impact.

Safe behind baronial fortification, Spector takes his ease

Symphonies for the kids, requiems from a Wurlitzer.

Spector, 39, has been called a genius, often by himself. In a recording studio, he throws tantrums as easily as other producers turn dials, and hurls invective like a rock-'n'-roll redraft of Erich von Stroheim. His excesses of style and manner are legend, and some call him mad. He has waved loaded guns at musicians, made off with the master tapes of completed albums and held them, like booty, against the pleas of artists and record companies alike. He has been mythologized, parodied (in Brian De Palma's film *Phantom of the Paradise*, as the satanic superproducer) and eulogized by musicians, rock critics and Tom Wolfe (in one of his best pieces of razzmatazz, *The First Tycoon of Teen*). The vaulting arrangements and majestic delirium of songs such as *Be My Baby* and *He's a Rebel* and *River Deep–Mountain High* and *You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling* have been endlessly imitated. They have never been equaled, except by Spector himself. Outside attempts to duplicate "the Spector wall of sound" only ring hollow, like a Salvation Army rock band playing in a subway tunnel. What is clear, past all the self-perpetuating mythology, is that Phil Spector has been responsible for some of rock's greatest records. *End of the Century* proves that greatness is not necessarily past history.

It hasn't always seemed so. Joey Ramone's avowed ambition—"We're after the real fanatics. We want the loyal, dedicated kids, the real nuts"—pointed him in Spector's direction. Phil, presumably, would know plenty about reaching the real nuts. All those vintage Spector-produced hits by the Ronettes, Crystals, Darlene Love and the Righteous Brothers were just the sort of sound the Ramones were shooting for. "Little symphonies for the kids," Spector once called these songs.

But for a while he seemed to have lost his touch. His early '70s work with the Beatles, especially Lennon, was big-spirited and lavish, but brought him an unaccustomed critical drubbing. His marriage to Ronnie, lead singer of the Ronettes, broke up in 1973. He was in at least one serious auto accident and underwent extensive surgery and facial restoration. His records after that—albums by Dion and Leonard Cohen, singles by Cher and Darlene Love—were as black as the vinyl they were pressed on. Even the upbeat numbers sounded funereal. The little symphonies became requiems celebrated inside a Wurlitzer.

"Over a period of years," says a songwriter who has worked closely with him, "Phil developed certain characteristics —reclusiveness, craziness in the studio —and after a while he let them take over." Adds a young record producer who spent a long and disenchanting night watching Spector thrash around with the Dion album: "His records were great, but he's a mean mother." Spector himself admits to a certain amount of struggling during this time. "Working with Leonard Cohen was more of a writing experience," he told TIME's Robert Goldstein. "He's not a Lennon or McCartney, and I couldn't do the things with him that I could with the Ramones. It's like adopted kids. It's tough to make them look like you." The Ramones had not only raised themselves in Spector's image, but played something he recognized: "Basic, honest, good rock 'n' roll. They get the feeling across." This set them apart from the pop mainstream for Spector, whose opinions about much of today's sound tend to be a tad prickly ("The Bee Gees produce porpoise music. It's interspecies communication").

The *End of the Century* collaboration brought out the best in band and producer. "You can't expect Phil Spector to go into the studio with Leonard Cohen or Cher and make a great album," says Joey Ramone. "You know, it's ridiculous. But the music we play is kind of like back in the early '60s with the Ronettes." Spector, for his part, was looking for "a marriage that could last. Most of mine don't." Spector challenged the Ramones immediately—"Do you want to make a great album or a good album?" —then spent six months working in the studio, layering and miking guitars so they sound at times almost like chimes, overdubbing the vocals until they glisten like a sonic Simonize.

As for the producer's studio conduct, Johnny Ramone concedes that Spector is "eccentric," but deflects specific questions by saying, "I mean, Phil's going to read this article." At home, Phil's sons Gary and Louis, 13, and Donté, 10, are treated to notes from Dad left on the kitchen table that demand a scrupulous accounting of how they spend their allowances. Says Phil: "They can con me, but put it in writing. Then when the police call about pills or dope, then I'll know. I just want to know." Whatever the disposition of the kids' stipends, Spector can draw comfort from the knowledge that he has tapped back into the true rock spirit. *End of the Century* is a head start on a new decade, for Spector and the Ramones, a negotiable franchise on the future. — ***Jay Cocks***

A teen-age marriage: Tommy Lee Jones and Sissy Spacek as the Lynns

An Appalachian childhood: the miner's daughter takes to the hills

Cinema

Starstruck

COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER
Directed by Michael Apted
Screenplay by Tom Rickman

For about half its length, this film biography of Country Singer Loretta Lynn outdoes even *The Buddy Holly Story* and *The Rose* in the show-biz-saga sweepstakes. Care and intelligence are everywhere in evidence. British Director Michael Apted (*Agatha*) captures both the poverty and pride of the young Loretta's Appalachian homestead without resorting to Hollywood sentimentality or glamorization. Tom Rickman's script uses intimate, telling details as it enthusiastically describes the heroine's gradual transformation from 13-year-old hillbilly bride to Nashville superstar. The cast, especially Sissy Spacek as Lynn —the best role of her career —is always winning.

So what goes wrong? As it sadly turns out, *Coal Miner's Daughter* is not entirely immune to the tired conventions of backstage movie melodramas. No sooner does Lynn start to hit it big than the film ineluctably slips into the usual *Star Is Born* clichés. Suddenly, and with only the slightest motivation, the protagonist is afflicted by marital conflict, pill addiction, desperate loneliness and a nervous collapse. True, these tragedies happened in life, but in the movie they seem phony: Lynn's later personal traumas are not so much dramatized as displayed like flash cards for predictable audience response. As the screenplay loses its energy, so does most everything else. Apted's direction takes on the facile, rushed quality of his 1975 film about the rise of a rock star, *Stardust*. Spacek's big scene, her onstage breakdown, is so imprecisely drawn that she has no chance to duplicate the pathos Ronee Blakley brought to a fictive version of the same incident in *Nashville*.

Success at Nashville's Opry

Deflating as these anticlimaxes are, they still do not alter the achievement of what has gone before. The early scenes, which unfold in the green hills and gaslit haunts of a dusky rural mining town, are full of flavor and native humor. When the pallid, naive Loretta marries an Army veteran of 19 (Tommy Lee Jones) and moves with him to Washington State to raise a family, the couple's first ignorant encounters with sex and the outside world are conveyed with tender humor rather than condescension. When Loretta gets her first guitar and starts to pick and sing, the audience has no choice but to root for her. Her early successes—in local honky-tonks, on radio and at the Grand Ole Opry—are thrilling because the movie has so carefully delineated just how hard she has worked and how far she has come to realize her show-biz fantasy.

Spacek not only ages and sings convincingly, but she gives her character a spine of strong emotion, of pure innocence and instinctive cracker-barrel wit. Inside the shy and often childish teen-age girl there is always a glimmer of the powerhouse woman she would become. The craggy-faced Jones makes the most of a role that fully capitalizes on both his redneck swagger and salty charm. The supporting cast is also first-rate. Rock Drummer Levon Helm (formerly of the Band) brings flinty dignity to the role of Loretta's laconic but loving father, and Beverly D'Angelo (who played Sheila in *Hair*) has a riotous time impersonating Country Singer Patsy Cline. Like Loretta Lynn's music, the characters of *Coal Miner's Daughter* stay in the mind long after the drama that contains them runs out.

— ***Frank Rich***

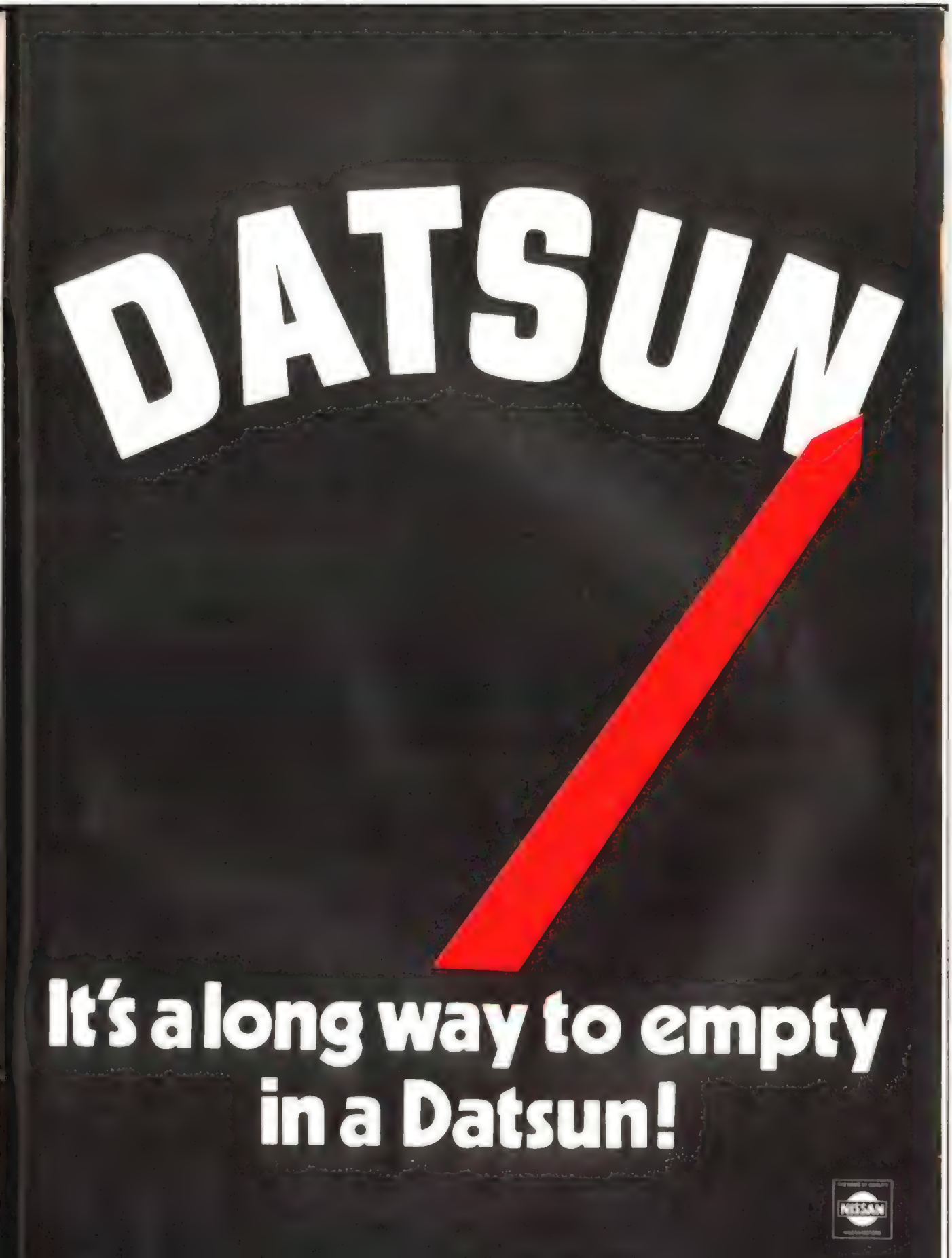
Chow Time

A SIMPLE STORY
Directed by Claude Sautet
Screenplay by Claude Sautet and Jean-Loup Dabadie

This is another of those French movies whose true subject—no matter what the script says—is eating and drinking. About the only business the actors do while exchanging dialogue is prepare food or consume it. At least everything looks delicious. Yet maybe the reason is that one's mind tends to wander from more important matters, which are related in a style that is both distant and flat.

The film begins with a woman (Romy Schneider) obtaining an abortion, mostly because her lover is a boring failure. It ends with her carrying to term a child she has conceived with her former husband, who is not boring and is successful. Just why she left him in the first place, or took up with the replacement she now finds odious, is left unclear. Instead, Director Sautet cuts away to subplots involving the heroine's wide circle of female friends. The point seems to be that men are not much good and that a woman is likely to find greater happiness, or anyway serenity, with her own kind. Still, everyone, male and female, is presented in such an agreeable way that even this conclusion is vague. For some reason *Story* has been nominated for an Oscar as Best Foreign Film. This probably says less about the movie than it does about the possibilities of getting a decent French meal around Los Angeles.

— ***Richard Schickel***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The Old Man by the Sea

MAUGHAM *by Ted Morgan; Simon & Schuster; 711 pages; $17.95*

Early in *The Moon and Sixpence*, William Somerset Maugham wrote, "Sometimes a man survives a considerable time from an era in which he had his place into one which is strange to him, and then the curious are offered one of the most singular spectacles in the human comedy." Maugham was 45 when that novel was published in 1919; he had another 46 years ahead of him. But even a novelist of his energy could not have imagined a life that began with Victoria on the throne and ended with the crowning of the Beatles.

Prophecy was not one of Maugham's interests. He was an unblinking realist, a doctor who narrowed his vision to examine the frailer aspects of human nature. He fortified himself against fickleness and changing fashions with wealth, influential acquaintances and property; he veiled his own nature, lied to biographers and journalists, manipulated friends and paid for affection. His long career now seems part of geology, with its upthrusts, weatherings and glaciations.

Ten years after medical school and his first novel, *Liza of Lambeth*, Maugham emerged as a successful playwright, an Edwardian Neil Simon who had two and three productions running simultaneously on the London stage. World War I found him driving an ambulance through the mud of France and correcting proof for *Of Human Bondage*. It was this book that began his ambiguous reputation as the most serious popular writer in English. His exotic settings and ruthless eye prompted reviewers to call him the Kipling of the Pacific and the English Maupassant. But by World War II, a younger generation of critics offered a different opinion. Edmund Wilson, whose word was law west of the *New Republic*, charged that Maugham was a "half-trashy novelist, who writes badly, but is patronized by half-serious readers, who do not care much about writing."

Maugham, who made millions with bestsellers like *The Razor's Edge*—and wise investments—saw his own literary value in a more positive light. He called himself a storyteller, "in the very first row of the second-raters." The appraisal was disarmingly accurate and deceptively aggressive: the highbrows in low tax brackets could eat their hearts out.

How and why did W. Somerset Maugham become a master of self-defense? Previous biographies contain partial answers and frequent obfuscations.

Portrait of Somerset Maugham by Graham Sutherland

Highbrows in low tax brackets could eat their hearts out.

The aged author not only burned much of his correspondence before he died but also misled many writers about his life. One academic produced an entire book without ever suspecting that his subject was homosexual.

In 1966, the year after W.S.M.'s death, this fact became popularly known when Robin Maugham, a favored nephew, hastily published *Somerset and All the Maughams*. Those familiar magazine photos of the leathery legend haughtily observing the world from Villa Mauresque, his home on the French Riviera, could now be openly read as the image of an old iguana sniffing the Mediterranean air for young sailors.

Maugham, by Ted Morgan, locates the truth midway between these views. His biography is by far the most detailed, balanced and tolerant portrait available, partly because Morgan persuaded Maugham's literary executor to give him facts and assistance previously guarded by the author's will.

Morgan, a journalist and author *(On Becoming American)*, builds a sound psychological case for Maugham's character and behavior. Young Willie spent his first ten years in France, until he was orphaned and sent to Kent to live with an aunt and clergyman uncle. Suffering from the cultural bends and deeply scarred by the death of his mother, Maugham acquired a lifelong stammer and a taste for masochistic relationships. "I have never experienced the bliss of requited love," he once wrote. "I have most loved people who cared little or nothing for me and when people have loved me I have been embarrassed." His marriage in 1917 to Syrie Wellcome, one of the first society women to become an interior decorator, was largely a union of convenience. It gave Maugham the appearance of heterosexuality that he publicly fostered. He also fathered a daughter, Liza.

When he and Syrie divorced in 1929, Maugham had already established residence on the Riviera with his secretary-lover. Gerald Haxton was a sociable charmer, but he was also unscrupulous, a gambler and a drunk. "Their relationship," writes Morgan, "had a dark, unpleasant side in which the roles of master and servant were interchanged and each tried to make the other suffer." When Haxton died in 1944, his place was taken by Alan Searle, a lower-keyed companion who enjoyed reading muscle magazines.

Society columnists portrayed life at Villa Mauresque as a prize stop for the rich, titled and famous. For Maugham it was a closet as big as the Ritz, where he could work and pursue his pleasures. Near the end of his life the house became the scene of jealousies, conflict and intrigue. In 1962 the 88-year-old novelist adopted Searle, 58, as his son. Daughter Liza challenged the relationship in court and won. Father and daughter had other legal problems. The previous year, Maugham had auctioned his art collection for nearly $1.5 million. Many of the paintings had been bought in Liza's name and she sued for her share.

Throughout his life and work, Maugham had defined the fine line between love and suffering. Senility blurred it. He ranted, failed to recognize friends and reverted to infantile toilet habits. There were occasional good days. On one, a week after a visit with the aging Churchill, he observed, "If you think I'm gaga, you should see Winston."

Morgan treats this decline with a detachment that Maugham would have appreciated if not welcomed. Elsewhere the book covers the minutiae of 91 years so thoroughly that a subsequent biography is unlikely. One fact remains: although it was lived in tumultuous times, surrounded by power and prestige, Maugham's life lacked transcending drama. The strain of maintaining his façade against a threatening world exacted its price. He survived; he did not prevail. — ***R.Z. Sheppard***

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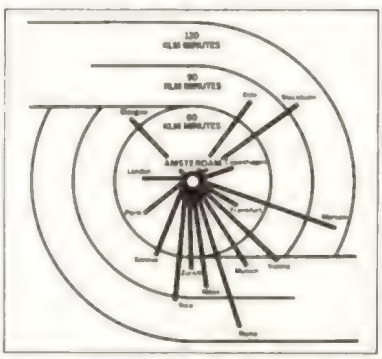

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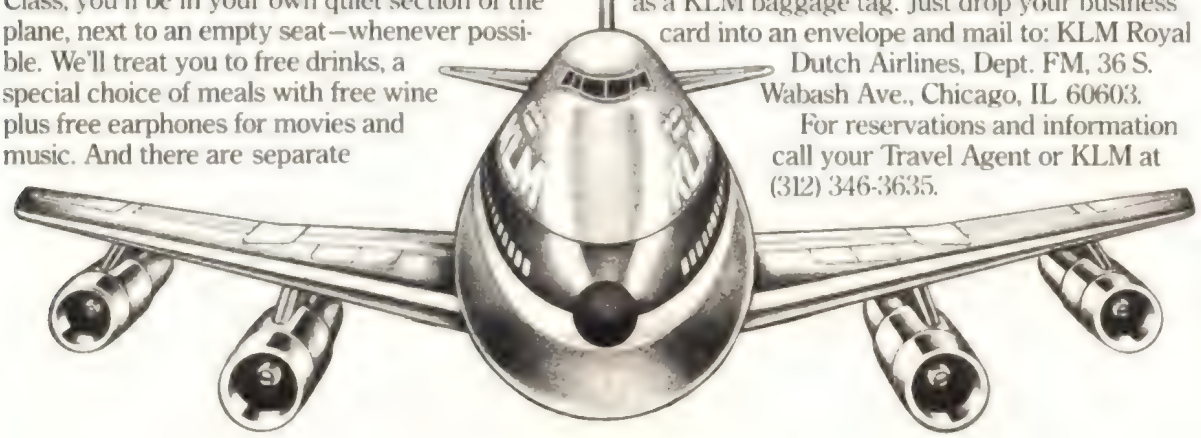

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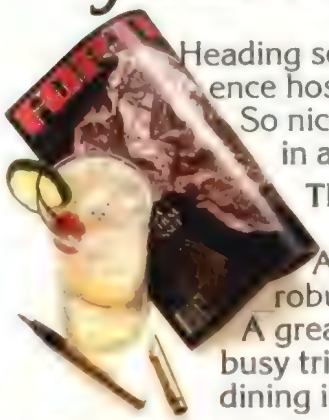

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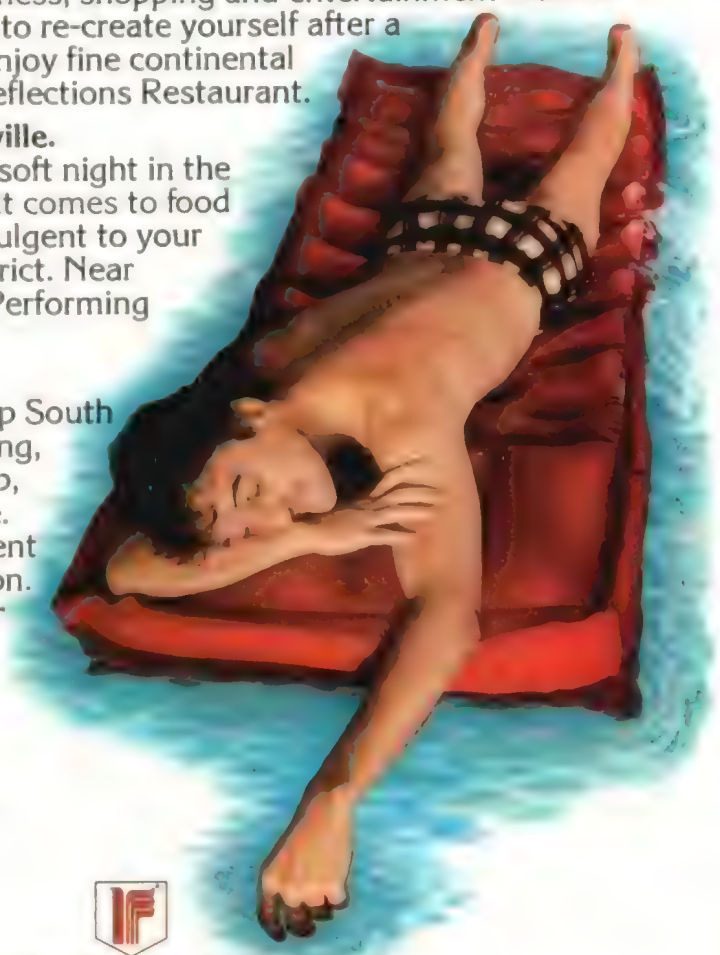

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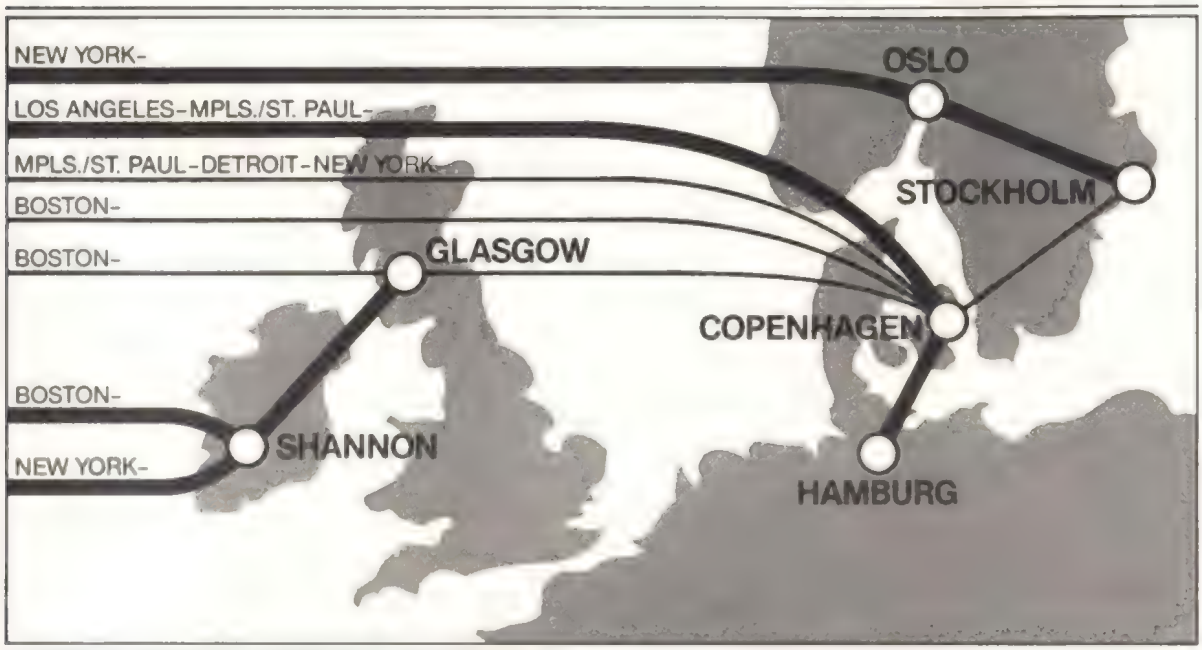

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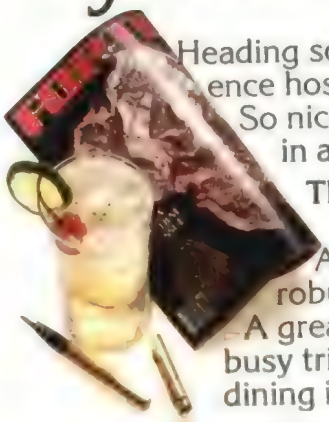

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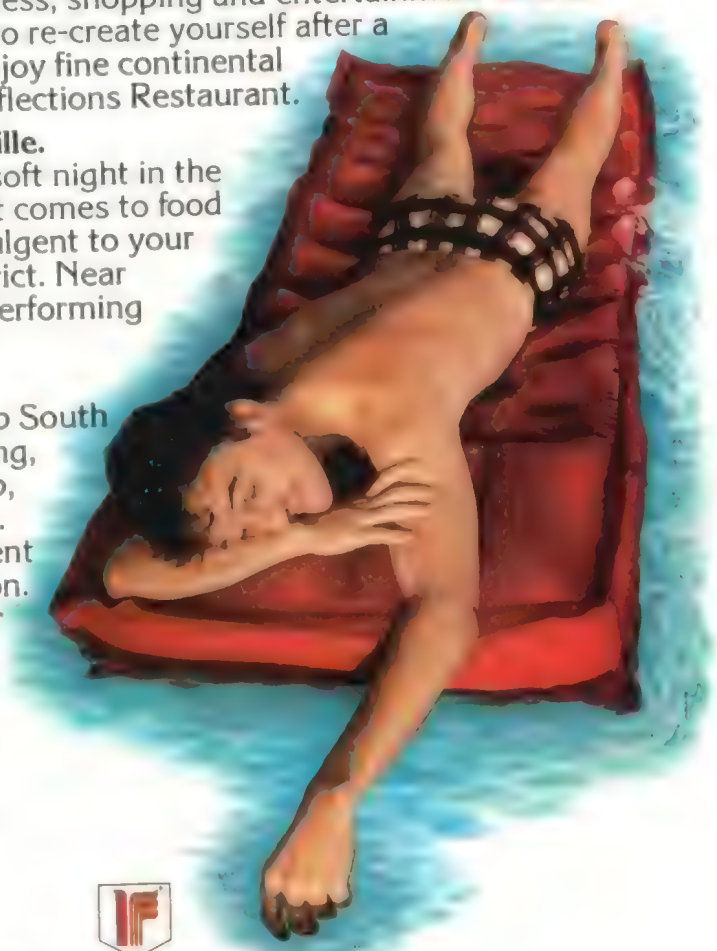

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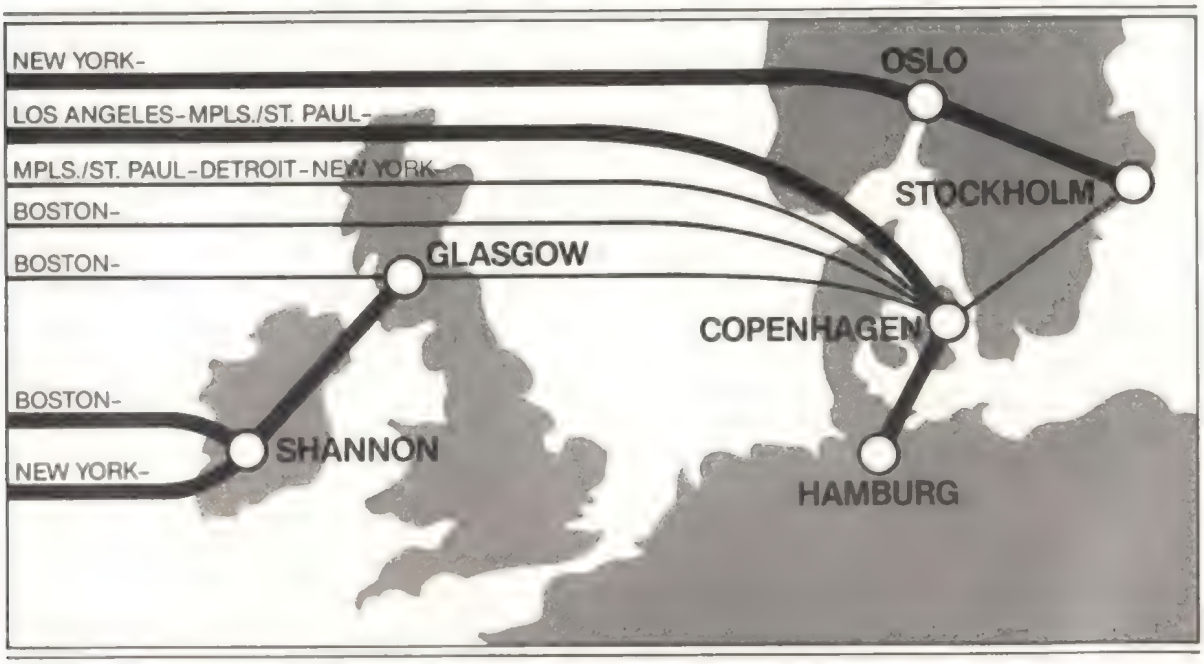

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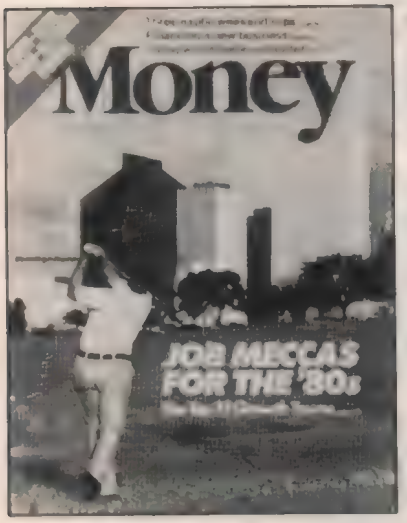

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Books

Rorschachs

THE BLOODY CHAMBER
by Angela Carter
Harper & Row; 164 pages; $8.95

The most enduring stories carry the heaviest freight. Commentators as disparate as G.K. Chesterton, W.H. Auden and Bruno Bettelheim have recognized Mother Goose rhymes and fairy and folk tales for what they are: Rorschach tests for the fears of childhood. Cruel stepmothers, tyrannical taskmasters, the sudden wolf on the path, all stand vividly for the capricious powers that prey on the powerless, for the nightmare of helplessness that growing up fails to outgrow.

Such fundamental tales can be made to mean almost anything; every retelling is inevitably an interpretation. This game is one of diminished returns, but in *The Bloody Chamber*, Author Angela Carter, 39, plays it winningly. Her notion that *Little Red Ridinghood, Beauty and the Beast* and *Puss in Boots* are all feminist parables could start a lively argument, but the stories she writes to prove her point are usually too much fun to fight over.

The heroines of these ten tales are virgins who are accosted or somehow threatened by males. The young bride in *The Bloody Chamber* discovers that her husband the Marquis not only has Sadean tastes but a real torture chamber in his castle. The heroine of *The Tiger's Bride* is gambled away by her dissolute father into the possession of an oddly feline gentleman, who demands that she take off her clothes. In *The Company of Wolves*, a young woman reaches Granny's house and finds a wolf whose intentions toward her are not honorable.

Angela Carter
A winning game of diminished returns.

In spite of such premises, none of the stories suggests that men are beasts or vice versa. They are, rather, pussycats in the hands of pure young things they set out to victimize. The Marquis is destroyed by female outrage, the owner of the girl is forced to strip to his fur. When the wolf gives the standard explanation for the size of his teeth ("All the better to eat you with"), he gets his comeuppance: "The girl burst out laughing; she knew she was nobody's meat. She laughed at him full in the face, she ripped off his shirt for him and flung it into the fire, in the fiery wake of her own discarded clothing." If James Thurber had translated the Brothers Grimm he could not have created a more ineffectual set of villains.

Carter dresses these unequal battles of the sexes with handsome sets: Breton castles, spacious rooms cloyingly stuffed with flowers, dark woods filled with the eerie sound of wolves. She writes: "That long-drawn, wavering howl has, for all its fearful resonance, some inherent sadness in it, as if the beasts would love to be less beastly if only they knew how."

When the language turns gothic, it does so with tongue in cheek: "And there lay the grand, hereditary matrimonial bed, itself the size, almost, of my little room at home, with the gargoyles carved on its surfaces of ebony, vermilion lacquer, gold leaf; and its white gauze curtains, billowing in the sea breeze."

The author of seven novels and a feminist study of pornography, Carter has a growing following in her native England. *The Bloody Chamber* may draw more U.S. readers into the fold; tales that both titillate and amuse are rare enough to cause a stir anywhere. In the end, though, the stories are a bit too calculated and playful to do justice to the dangerous materials they raise. They tick perfectly well, but they do not explode. — ***Paul Gray***

Mind over Medicine

SOCIAL CAUSES OF ILLNESS
by Richard Totman
Pantheon; 263 pages; $10

What makes people sick? Medical science believes that little things—parasites, bacteria and viruses—are the villains. Psychiatry suggests that people sometimes make themselves, or, more probably, imagine themselves to be ill. Richard Totman, an Oxford University psychologist, offers another explanation. He holds society responsible. Drawing upon empirical and anecdotal evidence, he argues that many apparently "physical" illnesses—including ulcers, hypertension and heart disease, as well as cancer and the state of mental deterioration known as senility—are the products of an individual's inability to behave as the world expects him to. "The risk of be-

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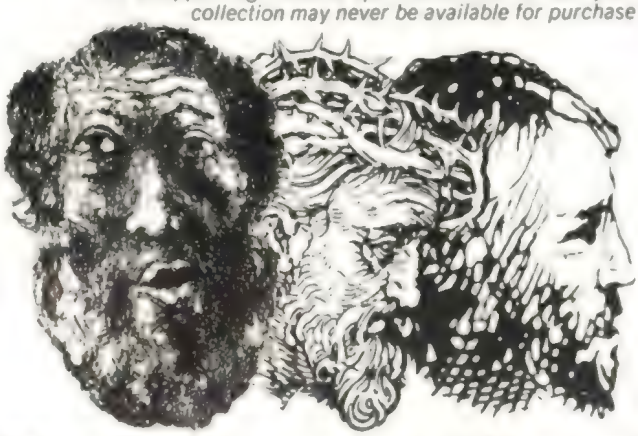

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Books

Richard Totman

Viruses may not be the villains

coming seriously ill," Totman writes in *Social Causes of Illness*, "is affected more profoundly by social factors than by physical wear and tear."

His conclusions are hardly original. Until a century ago, almost all medicine was based on the theory that illness stemmed from social and spiritual as well as physiological disorders. Even today, holistic medicine tries to cure its patients by restoring their spiritual equilibrium.

Totman believes that the two theories need not lead to exclusive approaches. He recognizes that much of modern medicine ignores the patient and concentrates instead on symptoms or systems. "The present-day practitioner," he writes, "functions more like a pill-dispenser, and the surgeon more like a maintenance mechanic." At the same time, though, Totman warns that an overly spiritual approach can ignore the microbes in favor of the mind.

The prescription: a combination of ingredients. Microbes may and do cause disease, he concedes. But there is increasing evidence that the mind can affect the body in such a way as to make a viral victory more likely. As W.H. Auden tersely observes of cancer:

"Nobody knows what the cause is.
Though some pretend they do.
It's like some hidden assassin
Waiting to strike at you.

"Childless women get it.
And men when they retire.
It's as if there had to be some outlet
For their foiled creative fire."

Though no serious scientists will speculate too much on the reasons for disease, most do acknowledge that people with social and psychological problems—those

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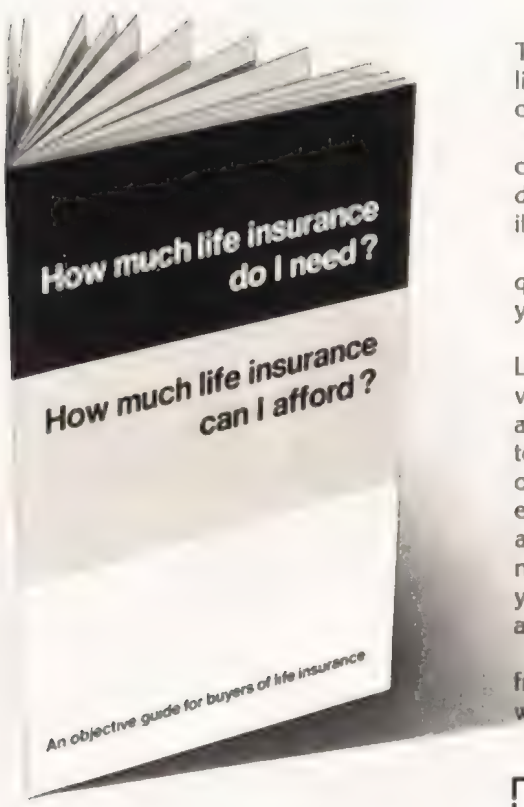

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Books

who have recently lost spouses, or jobs or moved into new and unsettling worl or home situations—seem far more sus ceptible to certain sicknesses than thos who feel secure about their lives and roles

Peppered with terms like status in congruity and dissonance and salted wit references to Life Change Units and th Social Readjustment Rating Scale, *Socia Causes of Illness* is not easy to read. Bu it is worthwhile for doctors and patients Both can be notorious for rushing to th pillbox when alternative methods ar preferable. As Totman points out, any one can tell when he is sick, even a lay man. The trick is to determine why, an to treat the nonmicrobial causes of illnes as well. — *Peter Stole*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Married Man, *Piers Paul Read* • Life Before Man, *Margaret Atwood* • On the Edge of the Cliff, *V.S. Pritchett* • Shikasta, *Doris Lessing* • Smiley's People, *John le Carré* • The Beginning Place, *Ursula K. Le Guin* • Yellowfish, *John Keeble*

NONFICTION: And No Birds Sang, *Farley Mowat* • Fin-de-Siècle Vienna, *Carl E. Schorske* • Misia, *Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale* My Many Years, *Arthur Rubinstein* Sex in History, *Reay Tannahill* Show People, *Kenneth Tynan* • The Right Stuff, *Tom Wolfe*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (2 last week)*
2. Smiley's People, *Le Carré (1)*
3. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (3)*
4. Memories of Another Day, *Robbins (6)*
5. Triple, *Follett (4)*
6. Top of the Hill, *Shaw (5)*
7. Portraits, *Freeman (7)*
8. Jailbird, *Vonnegut (8)*
9. The Establishment, *Fast*
10. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum*

NONFICTION

1. The Brethren, *Woodward & Armstrong (1)*
2. Donahue, *Donahue & Co. (3)*
3. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (4)*
4. Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck (2)*
5. On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, *Wright (5)*
6. Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient, *Cousins (10)*
7. The Right Stuff, *Wolfe (9)*
8. White House Years, *Kissinger (6)*
9. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin with McGrady (7)*
10. James Herriot's Yorkshire, *Herriot*

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Downhill Plunge, All the Way

One final event as Lake Placid adjusts to obscurity

The torch was out, the crowd was gone. Gaudy banners snapped with irrelevant verve in an emptied winter wonderland. To the casual eye, it appeared that the 13th Olympic Winter Games were over and done with. Yet one final, unlisted event was under way well before the last athletes had straggled out of Olympic Village. The happening: the great downhill plunge from celebrity to obscurity. The sole entrant: Lake Placid, N.Y. (pop. 2,700), U.S.A.

The course of the descent was so precipitous it would have scared the average downhiller into the snowshoe competition. It was almost straight down, the distance, precisely, from hurrah to blah. The time of the drop was nearly instantaneous. One moment Lake Placid was the most tumultuous news spot on earth, the next it was an amiable litter of vacancy signs. One moment it was the riveting center of the media's eldritch universe; the next it was just another out-of-the-way resort more or less waiting for next summer's convention of volunteer firemen.

The transformation involved far more than the post-party droops, more even than anguish at the loss of customers and of a brief but vivid camaraderie. There was, as well, a sort of collective separation anxiety—a strictly modern malaise that occurs when a place newly spoiled by celebrity is suddenly disconnected from the media's great glory machine. Lake Placid's inevitable plunge began when TV and the whole journalistic shebang unplugged itself and disappeared.

Suddenly the merriment was gone, the cosmopolitan chatter, the exultations of triumph. In the postlude, longtime Mayor Robert Peacock confessed that the biggest event he could now look forward to was "a good night's sleep." Editor Ronald Landfried of the weekly Lake Placid *News* wrote of a "nagging feeling of melancholy." Librarian Therese Dixon admitted to a "tinge of sadness." She missed the foreigners who dropped in off Main Street to snatch a look at such papers as *Le Monde, Corriere della Sera* and the *Neues Deutschland*—publications ordered for the convenience of the Olympic crowd.

Main Street itself was back to being —well, Main Street. On the first post-Olympic day, graying John Jesmer, emerged with a moneybag from the liquor store he manages. What now? "Well, I guess I'll look forward to summer," he said. He headed on toward the Bank of Lake Placid after noting, "At least the traffic is back on Main Street."

That, in fact, was the biggest news in the village the day after it plunged out of the center of the world. Cars and buses and trucks were driving up and down the village's narrow main thoroughfare. Gone was the animated pedestrian mall achieved by blockades, state troopers and an exasperating, temporary one-way traffic system. Gone were the strollers, gawkers, jugglers, hawkers, hustlers, evangels, barterers. Gone were the ski-pantsed snow bunnies and gone, too, were the gaggles of boozy young celebrators lurching about singing *God Bless Our Hockey Team* to the tune of *God Bless America*.

And what of the future? Municipal leaders vied with officials of the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee in expressing confidence that all the publicity would carry the village into continuing prosperity. Such hopes, however, contradicted the private mutterings of most townsmen. It was a rare citizen who did not express fears that the gasoline crunch, plus economic conditions generally, will leave Lake Placid exactly what it has long been: merely one of a cluster of competing resorts in one of the chronically depressed areas of New York State.

Still, along with the hoping, there was some planning last week. Lake Placid and L.P.O.O.C. officials said they were talking to some sports officials about the possible use of the village's facilities for world-class competitions. And the L.P.O.O.C. was still working to get Lake Placid designated as the permanent Winter Games training center. Few plans seemed to have matured, however, and all that was sure about the future of the Olympic facilities was that Olympic Village will soon be a minimum security federal prison, and the big broadcast center will become a municipal garage.

Immediate chores kept the village more or less busy last week. Vans and trucks hulked into town to remove tons of equipment that had been lugged in for the use of entrepreneurs and news people. Almost frantically, the L.P.O.O.C. began the herculean task of transforming Lake Placid High School from an international press center back into the educational facility it had been until last January when the kids began a long vacation to make way for some 3,000 media people. Not until the kids are back in class is the village likely to feel quite normal—if ever it does.

GEORGE TIEDEMANN

Traffic—and life—is back to normal on Main Street after the Games end

From hurrah to blah, but if the future is doubtful, the memories are warm.

In any event, few villagers would disagree with the sentiments of the Rev. Bernard Fell, the president of the L.P.O.O.C., who last week was hard at work on the sermon he would deliver to his 91-member United Methodist Church the coming Sunday. He guessed that Lake Placid would "never again see anything as great" as the Games it just staged. Probably not. Still, the truth is that Lake Placid persisted in an abnormal mood of prideful and nostalgic anticlimax during all the years after the 1932 Winter Games were held there. This year's extravaganza might feed local esprit for another 48 years. And even if it does not, life goes on, pleasantly. The village remains, as always, a congenial interruption of Route 86 in the picturesque vastness of the soaring north country. — ***Frank Trippett***

The Return of Patriotism

The new American patriotism probably started with the Bicentennial. After Viet Nam and Watergate, 1976 turned into a vast star-spangled ceremony of self-forgiveness. Later came certain movies (*Midnight Express* and *The Deer Hunter*, for example) that were fascinating in their allegory: each portrayed American youth abroad, wholesome and handsome and lovable, yet in the grips of foreigners as evil as reptiles. This winter, Americans have been inclined to think that reality (whether in Tehran or Bogotá) has confirmed the allegory. U.S. citizens are held hostage far from home; the dangerous and primitive outer world does not play by the rules, it seems. The Soviet Union rolls over Afghanistan with no more moral hesitation than an exterminator spraying pesticide.

A complicated impulse has stirred in Americans' thinking about their country and its place in the world. Patriotism has reappeared, along with its scruffy little half brothers, xenophobia and chauvinism. In an odd but exactly appropriate way, the new sentiment was crystallized most purely in Americans' jubilation over the U.S. hockey team's performance in the Olympics—the Huckleberry Finn American underdogs whipping the Soviet superteam and then going on for the gold medal.

It was just a hockey game, of course; it had no bearing on American foreign policy or prestige or power in the world. And yet it was such a dramatically and symbolically delicious moment that Americans erupted briefly in spontaneous, childlike gladness. The very innocence of the conquest made it sweetly uncomplicated and morally unimpeachable. The nation indulged in small orgies of flag waving and anthem singing. At a Stop & Shop supermarket in Cambridge, Mass., the p.a. system suddenly blurted that the U.S. hockey team had beaten the Soviets. The store erupted as bags of cookies, paper towels and anything else handy were tossed into the air with pandemonious cheering. One psychiatrist reported his patients' telling him how, for days, tears shot to their eyes when they thought of those American boys.

It would be a mistake to exaggerate the significance of the joyful outburst; in a tough winter for American morale, the Olympic hockey was a lovely diversion. Still, the moment was connected in some deeper ways to the emergence of a new patriotic impulse in America. It seems to many that the villains have moved overseas again; fewer Americans are transfixed by any evil within. They have the patriotism of outraged innocence (contaminated somewhat by association with the Shah and by the tales of SAVAK tortures). Americans, for so long vaguely depressed by endless quarrels among themselves, now find they are in an unexpected kinship of common interest and travail.

Patriotism has often had a terrible reputation. Samuel Johnson called it "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Tolstoy thundered: "There never has been a combined act of violence by one set of people upon another set of people that has not been perpetrated in the name of patriotism." Patriotism is both indispensable and extremely dangerous, involving always the hazards of the self being ceded to the larger purposes of the fatherland. Hitler had a sinister little instinct for patriotic sentiment. Patriotism, or a debased form of it, raucous with jingo and the bully's knuckles, has led the U.S. astray from time to time; citizens hounded German Americans during World War I, for example. They did idiotic and ominous things—fulminating that Einstein's theory of relativity had Bolshevist origins, and acclaiming the neonativist persecution of immigrants with socialist ideas.

Patriotism has most often gone wrong when people have confused loyalty to the republic with loyalty to one government or another. Political leaders almost invariably seek to legitimize themselves by the *"l'état, c'est moi"* strategy that makes their own interests inseparable from the well-being of the country itself; disloyalty to one becomes disloyalty to the other. Thus the Nixon Administration had it that its critics were unpatriotic. J. Edgar Hoover used the FBI to try to destroy the lives of "unpatriotic" Americans like Martin Luther King Jr.

The unpredictabilities of the world have supplied Jimmy Carter with a kind of spontaneous American sense of national community. He has not hesitated to exploit the mood in his campaign for re-election. That is perhaps human and inevitable, but also dangerous. The politician who exploits patriotism for political gain, even if he is President, risks discrediting both himself and, more sadly, a love of country that has only recently begun recovering the self-confidence to show itself in public again.

At its truest, American patriotism has a sort of abstraction about it that makes it uniquely difficult and valuable: it is a devotion not to a specific physical place, gene pool, cuisine or cultural tradition, but to a political and social vision, a promise and the idea of freedom—an idea not much honored elsewhere in the world or in history. At its worst, American patriotism degenerates into a coarse form of national self-congratulation.

Patriotism should have higher ambitions. Columbia University Sociologist Amitai Etzioni sees the current stirrings as a fitful groping toward some kind of national unity. The most significant symptom he detects is the jump in the proportions of voters casting ballots in the primaries this year. Because of Iran and Afghanistan, says Etzioni, "we have what I call a hinge effect. All projections up to that point have to be redone. We largely put behind us the Viet Nam complex. This is the turning point in political apathy. We had a decade and a half of retreat from institutions, identity, directions and commitment. There was a tremendous yearning there, and there still is."

Americans have a friskily self-destructive habit of turning even their best impulses into junk and kitsch; a Beverly Hills hair salon lately had eight models in tank tops and khaki trousers parading around the shop carrying flags and sporting new "military" hair styles. The entrepreneur turns militarism into a profitable fad. Love of country, by such associations, comes to seem vaguely sick and stupid.

It should be possible to love one's country intelligently, without being either a schlockmeister or an incipient Nazi. (Anyone incapable of distinguishing between the Third Reich and the U.S. is a moral imbecile.) Patriotism seems so easy to discredit that it dies of contempt a few hours after budding. But the real problem is deeper. Americans who would be patriots must try to learn what it is that they have in common, what it is in the republic that is worth cherishing and preserving. Until they know that, their patriotism will have no more content than a bright, loud afternoon parade. — ***Lance Morrow***

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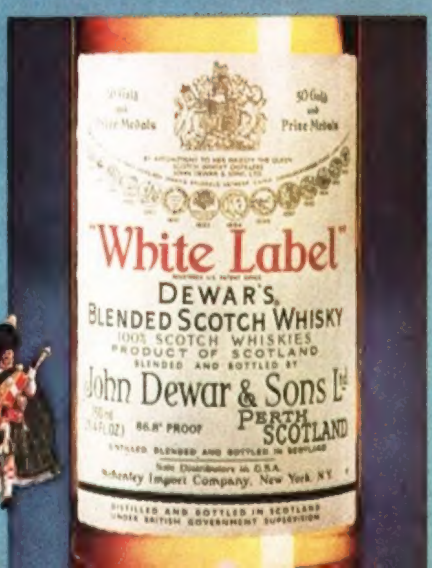

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